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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXXVIII. }

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CONTENTS.

I. REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL MANNING,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	3
II. THE VILLAGE LEGACY,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	17
III. ANCIENT TRADE,	<i>Scottish Review</i> ,	22
IV. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRIENDSHIP,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ,	33
V. MADAME BODICHON: A REMINISCENCE,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	40
VI. PRETTY POLL!	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	43
VII. MENSERVANTS IN ENGLAND,	<i>National Review</i> ,	50
VIII. AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF MASSENA,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	55
IX. THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S WAR WITH DIS- BELIEF,	<i>Economist</i> ,	60
X. A HUNDRED AND THREE DAYS ON A DESERT ISLAND,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	62
XI. UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WASHINGTON,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	64

POETRY.

RICHARD JEFFERIES,	2	THE LAST SWALLOW,	2
"IMP EFFIE,"	2		

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RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE tomes of lore that lie
In feather of bird and wing of butterfly,
The rushes and the mountain brook, the
speedwell blue as sky,

Room in his heart for all!
For striving stitchwort as for oak tree tall;
Room for the chickweed at the gate, the weed
upon the wall!

Still as the page was writ
'Twas Nature held his hand and guided
it:
Broadcast and free the lines were sown as
meadows kingcup lit.

Vague longings found a tongue;
Things dim and ancient into speech were
wrung;
The epic of the rolling wheat, the lyric hedge-
row sung!

He showed the soul within
The veil of matter luminous and thin,
He heard the old earth's undersong piercing
the modern din.

He opened wide to space
The iron portals of the commonplace:
Wonder on wonder crowded through as star
on star we trace.

A glory haloed round
The very wayside grasses as he found
The highest holiest loveliness was closest to
the ground!

Others might dully plod
Purblind with custom, deaf as any clod—
He knew the highest heights of heaven bent
o'er the path he trod.

No bird that cleaves the air
But his revealing thought has made more
fair;
No tremulous dell of summer leaves but feels
his presence there.

So though we deem him dead,
Lo! he yet speaketh! and the words are
sped
In grassy whispers o'er the fields—by every
wild flower said!

Temple Bar. MARY GEOGHEGAN.

"IMP EFFIE."

"IMP EFFIE"—language can't express
The life that sparkles in her eyes,
And what if I must needs confess
That Effie is not very wise?
Her nonsense talked with blithsome air
Sweeter to me than wisdom seems;
I love to see her toss her hair,
I love to hear her tell her dreams.

Near her philosophers seem fools,
Their logic and inductions chaff;
Forms, maxims, axioms, reasons, rules,
Evaporate in Effie's laugh.
How coldly rigid and aloft
The finger-posts of Science shine,
When Effie's digits warm and soft
Are playing at "hot hands" with mine!

She's very ignorant, the pet,
Of creed or dogma old or new;
She's very credulous, and yet
Her articles of faith are few.
To reverend men she's barely civil,
Though prompt to succor the forlorn;
She's duly fearful of the devil,
But sees no harm in being born.

Not clear about the "second birth,"
She trusts her sins will be forgiven;
And that when called to quit the earth,
She'll go up—naturally—to Heaven.
Meanwhile, too fond, I fear, the rogue is
Of this world's vanities and pomps;
Thinks "serious people" "awful fogies,"
Nay, 'neath their solemn noses romps;

Leaps, tumbles, screams, to make them
quiver;
Shams stupid to excite their spleen;
Then how she titters!—Lord forgive her,
The little "imp" is scarce thirteen.
And even whilst I sermonize her,
I sometimes can't repress a sigh
To think that Effie will grow wiser,
That Effie will grow old, and die!

Spectator.

J. S. D.

THE LAST SWALLOW.

LAST of his clan, he wings his aimless flight
Beneath the cold grey sky;
No comrades wheel around on pinions light,
As in the days gone by.

Alone he roams the trackless fields of air,
From dawn to set of sun;
Haply he finds the yellowing woodlands fair,
Although the heavens are dun.

Why dost thou linger when thy mates have
flown
Across the Southern Sea?
Winter already on his trump has blown
A warning stern to thee.

And they, thy mates, afar in sunny Spain,
Are circling in the blue,
Where azure heavens and all unruffled main
Blend in the same soft hue.

We dream of summer still while thou art here;
But soon, at death of day,
Like a last hope, thou too wilt disappear
For ever and for aye!

F. B. DOVETON.

From The Contemporary Review.

REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL
MANNING.

I THINK it was Bolingbroke who, when asked what Marlborough's faults had been, replied: "He was so great a man, I had forgotten he had any." Such will be the verdict passed on Cardinal Manning by all who knew him. If signs in love are more than proofs, as Coventry Patmore somewhere says, so also are they in religion. The proofs of Cardinal Manning's pieties are known to all—they are official. But the signs were shown in his most unrecollected moments to his intimates. His idlest words were from this point of view more edifying than even his pastorals. A noble figure was his on the platform and in the pulpit; but where he was at his best and greatest was in his own armchair. There used to be an impression that the cardinal was nothing if not a diplomatist. Assuredly he had worldly as well as heavenly wisdom—a prudence which is a cardinal's as well as a cardinal virtue. But none of the common devices of the diplomatist were his—he smiled at them in Italian ecclesiastics. It was the frankness and not the reticence of his conversation that took me by surprise when he permitted me to pass with him what were I think his idlest hours at Archbishop's House. "After nine there will be no interruption," was a hint he gave me quite early in our intercourse, and "Come to me with the bats" is the burden of nearly two hundred notes I have been looking through, all precious as proceeding from his hand. At that hour I found him with the cares and prayers of the day done, weary indeed, yet wakeful and alert. I think he liked, not indeed to put aside the ecclesiastic, for that was second or even first nature to him, but to talk to a layman whose interests were not exactly ecclesiastical, who did not possess "a liturgical soul," and whose conversation was—not all in Heaven. My deep attachment to him was, I suppose, apparent through a certain freedom of speech which he never sought to curtail. There is a form of mania in which a man called upon to admire, say a shelf of precious glass, feels constrained to sweep it down with the wave

of his arm. The same impulse it was that nearly overmastered an imaginative traveller—or he thought so—to tickle, instead of kissing, the pontifical foot. Most of us regard, in one way or another, this sort of incongruity as the soul of wit. Thus possessed, I more than once committed what I thought the cardinal would regard as vagaries of speech, often to be astonished by his ready assent. "Stop a bit, stop a bit," or "Jockey of Norfolk, not so fast," he would sometimes say, where a conventional cardinal must surely have been indignant or grim. This liberty of speech which he allowed to others he also took for himself, having moods in which he spoke with a sort of serious jest. This was not the only trait he had in common with Blessed Thomas More.

In the inner room at Archbishop's House, where Cardinal Manning received his more intimate callers, there hung, opposite to where he sat, a portrait of St. Charles Borromeo, cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. This was the cardinal's favorite saint and model archbishop. When the centenary of English Sunday schools was commemorated, a monument was erected by Nonconformists, and on it was inscribed the name of Cardinal Borromeo, as that of the pioneer of the Sunday School. That incident, which delighted the cardinal, suggests at once the kinship between the two men, which was close at every turn; and when Manning returned from Rome as a priest in 1854, he founded the community of Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, with whom he lived until he succeeded to the Archbishopric of Westminster in 1865. There his library of old days remains, row on row of Anglican divinity. From his beloved Oblates he chose his confessor, of whom he wrote in terms of the most tender affection in the last letter he ever penned. One day in Milan, St. Charles Borromeo was playing cards with two of his priests (perhaps the only thing in which the Archbishop of Westminster never wished to imitate him), when the talk turned on the moments of death, and on what each would do if he, then and there, heard the last summons. "I would flee to the church," said one. "I would call on the name of the Lord,"

said another. "And I," said St. Charles, "would go on with the game." Such was the spirit in which this Oblate on the throne of Westminster undertook every task, the lightest of his life. In the love of God and man he performed his indifferent actions, talked politics and read newspapers, went each afternoon to the Athenæum Club, and lectured before the Royal Society, loitered in the House of Commons and wandered among the crowds at Marlborough House garden-parties; nor would he have flinched to meet at any moment the messenger which came to him at last so calmly — almost collusively.

The Borromean anecdote had its match. This time it was Cardinal Manning and two of his priests who made choice, when each was asked what he would be were he not a priest. "A doctor," said one, still dreaming of the set service of man. "A temperance advocate," said another, with becoming solemnity. "And I," said the cardinal, "Radical member for Marylebone" — just then politically the rowdiest of metropolitan areas. To him the service of his Creator and of his fellow-creatures was identical, so that he never thought it necessary to talk piety in order to feel he had been clerical. He had all his model's sanity of sanctity. The one played cribbage for the glory of God, and the other for the same cause discussed with Sir Charles Dilke the limitation of electoral areas in the Redistribution Bill (of which he saw one of the advanced drafts prepared for the Cabinet); the Education Act with Mr. Forster, whom he greatly respected; the prevention of cruelty to children with the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, in whose praise, as in that of many Dissenters, he was firm; the iniquity of theatres with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes — "his only fault one that cures itself — his youth;" the most painful of all subjects with Mr. Stead; the Land League with Mr. Michael Davitt; standing armies with Lord Wolseley; ancient Scandinavia with Mr. Paul du Chaillu; local option with Sir Wilfrid Lawson; vivisection (which he loathed as Browning loathed it) with Miss Frances Power Cobbe; the Salvation Army with General Booth, to whom he made a public profession of attachment; art with Mr.

Ruskin, who took him to exhibitions in Bond Street; and nationalization of the land with Mr. Henry George, whom I took to him one Sunday afternoon, and silently listened while one said that his love of our Lord led him to love man, and the other that his love of man led him to love our Lord — the Mount, whence came the sermon, being the beginning of the spiritual journey of the one and the end of that of the other. These came and went, and sometimes heard no more pious speech than a "God bless you;" but they were none the less conscious that they had held converse with a fervent Christian. He needed no catchwords, and used no shibboleths to reach the heart of hearts. It was said of him once that he was photographed for the Church's glory, and there was, in a simple and beautiful sense, a subtle truth in the saying.

This absence of direct preachment never led any one, the most foolish, to suppose he was indifferent to dogmas — Christian and Catholic. What his own life of devotion was, that he wished the lives of all his clergy to be. Beautiful and inspiring were the addresses he gave them — then was a time when his master's name was on his lips at every breath, as it was always in his heart. Between no man's words and acts was there ever so complete a parity. He denied himself the indulgences he ceded to others. The cigarette, which has penetrated everywhere, even into a convent during a "ladies' retreat," got no entrance into Archbishop's House. The cigar was a waste and indulgence beyond words; and though he had been an athlete at Harrow he did not like his clergy to care for sports. "I do not like a priest to run after a piece of leather," he said, with characteristic summariness of thought and speech, when he heard of a clerical football player. Yet he took a five-bar gate when he went to Ushaw College in the sixties.

That his great heart had pastoral disappointments, both in his clergy and in his laity, he did not conceal, as well as great and more abiding consolations. He measured their and our corn in his own bushel. He rated us by his own standard, and his standard, like his rank, was the highest of

all—that ideal blending of rank with real pre-eminence which the world needs to have recalled to it now and then. He saw, for instance, the havoc made by the drink traffic. It confronted him as he walked the streets by day; it haunted him on his narrow bed at night, when the voice of a drunken singer floated in on his loneliness, and was interpreted by his sensitive ears into sounds which he did not hear, but which cried to Heaven—the sob of the wifehood and the motherhood of England, the wail of the beaten child. And when men told him calmly (I give the statement from his standpoint only) that they feared spiritual pride dogged the steps of teetotalism, he had no patience left in him. He asked for water, and they gave him the sour wine of pedantries. I think it was not altogether without a qualm that he allowed the sherry he had renounced to be put on the table at that open, early dinner at Archbishop's House; but a bishop must, by the Gospel rule, be “given to hospitality;” and how does he know, any way, that there is not among his guests one to whom St. Paul himself would command a little wine for the stomach's sake? So there the hated decanter stood, and there, if nowhere else, a guest had an approach to experience of what may be called furtive drinking; for he was unwilling to meet the eye of his host while his lips touched the banned liquid. Perhaps the cardinal felt it necessary to give to Rome and the world this practical proof that he was not a Manichæan—a heresy hinted against him by those who thought it unbecoming for a cardinal archbishop to talk teetotalism on a Sunday afternoon from a cart on Clerkenwell Green. These were content to take the Ten Commandments as they stand, without seeking to remove the main stumbling-block in the way of mankind's keeping them. Many of his clergy, however, as is well known, joined the temperance movement, and became his effective lieutenants.

As he did not think there was one law for the clergy and another for the laity in matters of self-denial, his disappointment at the absence of enthusiasm for teetotalism among educated laymen was second only to his disappointment at the absence

of it among the mass of his priests. “I have piped and they have not danced,” he said one evening. “There is not one gentleman who will give up one glass of sherry to help me in the battle.” Once, when he made as though he would weep over the indifference of Babylon, I gave the serviceless offer of my own adhesion. “No,” he said, “not now. You must get your wife's permission.” It was one of the privileges of Cardinal Manning, denied to most men, to be influential by mere personal example; and never did he forget or minimize this added obligation. *A propos*, one sometimes wonders what reforms might be effected, might be even fashionable, if some prince had taken him for his tutor or his model.

What fashion might effect in England, nationalism is resolved to effect in Ireland—happy to be socially governed by a more progressive force than ours. “Ireland sober and Ireland free” was the magical combination which the year 1889 inscribed on many an Irish banner. The Archbishop of Dublin sent all the preliminary papers to Westminster, and the heart of the English archbishop gave a leap of delight. In that moment he forgot the sorrow that had accumulated with the years, his sorrow over each Irish name he encountered in the records of the London police courts. When he scanned his *Times* (this he did every morning, and lived in London—thus defying Mr. Ruskin's complete recipe for demoralization), he looked nervously down the reports of the police court cases, and whenever his eye caught the name of a son or, worse luck, of a daughter of Erin, his face moved with a strange emotion. These were the sheep of his pasture. But he was not only the spiritual shepherd of the flock—he was the Englishman who felt a political debt to Ireland, a social debt to her exiles, a personal and religious debt to her Catholicism. No better news could come from Ireland to Archbishop's House than that which announced the addition of teetotalism to the watchword of the movement of freedom.

But the cardinal did, as a rule, bring down to a personal issue the principles on which he was in conflict with others. There were times when he had a sharp

tongue for foes and for dissentient friends, to whom, nevertheless, he would have done any kindness at any sacrifice of his own personal comfort—the last thing he ever considered. "What can you expect," he asked of a dignitary who did not take his advice in a moment of some emergency, "brought up as he was in a hen-coop, as I call the —?" and he named a community he truly loved and admired; and shortly afterwards he told me he had gone out of his way to show special kindness to the very noble hearted bishop whose affairs had occasioned the epithet. "Yes," he would say of his flock, when they did not rise to some great occasion, "I never forget they are my *sheep*." And yet another animal served at times the purpose of a fitting comparison: "Ever since I became a Catholic, I have found it necessary to cultivate a great devotion to Balaam's ass."

A briefer pang, but a severe one while it lasted, was that which he suffered from the estrangement between his own sympathies and those of probably the bulk of his clergy on the publication of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." The great cardinal, away in his barrack-like palace, saw only two things—first, the wrong done to womanhood, and to that only more appealing thing—womanhood in childhood; and, secondly, the good intentions of Mr. Stead. "I say to you" (and he never spoke more solemnly) "we are up in a balloon. Our priests have become machines for administering the sacraments. There was a time when there was grace, but there were no sacraments; now there are sacraments, but where is grace?" It was a mood of the moment, and whence came it? I think from the attitude taken by an ever-faithful friend, who had followed his leader into teetotalism, and had given him a personal service which few men devote to another. "Read that," said the cardinal, handing him a *Pall Mall* in 1885. "I have no permission to read evil which is not necessary for me to know," was the instant reply. So the cardinal was for the moment in high dudgeon. Once, when I had said it was consoling to find that even cardinals had human sensitivenesses, "No," he said, with a sweet gravity; "no, it is very disappointing." I hold to my opinion still. It is not spiritual pride, but spiritual despondency that one most encounters in the world; and it is some comfort, at any rate, to find that when these saints are scratched there is blood

below—yet to know they are the very elect notwithstanding.

His manners with ladies were always charming; and his bow, when he took off the hat of more than Quaker brim, was a homage the most gracious ever made. It was not often that he permitted himself a mere compliment; when he did so it was only because a neat phrase carried him away. "You have given me a book which has kept me awake, and I bring you a book to send you to sleep." The book which had not kept him awake was a volume of poems of a tone he hardly caught. The book to send the poet to sleep was a collection of his own sermons. This reminds me that he told me that the last time he had seen Dr. Whewell, whom he greatly admired from his youth, was in a church where he himself was preaching. Whatever compliment he felt in having the omniscient mathematician as a hearer vanished as he watched him fall into a tranquil slumber. Mr. Bright, by the way, he once saw amongst his audience in a church in Rome; but he did not get much comfort out of him either. "I liked it all" said Bright when next they met, "except your sermon." It was on a theme the most misunderstood—the Blessed Virgin.

His indifferent attitude about his books was quite real—a genuine conquest of his humility over his sensitiveness, and it was all the more to his merit inasmuch as they never had the recognition they deserve. He must have known very well how good they were; though few others found it out. It cannot be said that a paper like the *Athenæum* does less than justice to the secular authors of the day. If it errs, it errs as it ought to do, on the side of kindness. But a paper like the *Athenæum* may be said to have had no cognizance of Cardinal Manning's works. The same strenuous thought in the same strenuous language, on almost any other subject, would have made a reputation, and those manuscripts written across large foolscap on his knee (as St. John wrote his Gospels, he said, with the look which gave his words their meaning) would, for novelist or for historian, have won fortune and applause. The back seat to which the Christian public of England relegates serious religious literature is a little puzzling perhaps; and certainly those who grudge the Churchman what advantages he gains from his cloth may be consoled to think that he encounters as an author, a prejudice which, in some instances, and cer-

tainly in Cardinal Manning's, is less than just.

Once in writing to a lady a letter which lies before me, the cardinal advanced a theory of the relations between reader and author which will not find a general acceptance. An author usually spends the more time on his writings that the reader may spend the less. "Read that book slowly," wrote the cardinal; "it took me long to write it, and I feel sure it needs time to read it." But when the lady said she would not read it, he did not, as most authors would of readers so unruly, despair of her. "It is a good sign," he wrote, "that you cannot read that book. The law is not made for the just man, and that book is not written for the children of the household. You have by grace what it has by reason." The number of requests made to him by authors of books, big and little, for prefaces, passport-letters in fact from Archbishop's House to the hearts of the faithful, was legion. But "Manning of Balliol found time for everything" to the very end. The bare list of publications bearing this *imprimatur* would fill columns. When he had to refuse, he did so with a gentleness which made even the refusal a favor. I heard both from the refuser and from the refused the story of one such episode. It was a pamphlet in which the zealous author undertook to prove from the Gospels the pontiff's right to the temporal power. Said the author: "I have been to the cardinal to ask him for a preface. I had written beforehand, sending the proofs; and, directly I got into the room, the cardinal thanked me and said, 'I have written a little on that subject myself, but you take a higher line.'" The narrator was so delighted, that he almost forgot he had come away without even the faintest hope of an archiepiscopal preface. A day or two after, the cardinal, not knowing I knew either of the applicant or his application, told me of both. "But," I said to him, "stop a bit. I have written a little about that myself. But you overstep the line where I cannot follow you." This is what he meant to say — what, in effect, he said; for the preface was never written; but how much sensitive consideration framed the version he had provided for the eager author! The story is characteristic; and it supplies a key which was sometimes requisite to interpret and reconcile his speeches.

All sorts and conditions of women had recourse to him; the very simple, the very sophisticated. One of the first class,

I remember, was a charming girl, who, though she thought "every one goes to Heaven, except, perhaps, people who steal," was not wholly happy in her Protestantism, and she asked the cardinal to recommend her some daily spiritual exercise. "Say every day," he told her, "'Oh Lord, my heart is ready,' as the psalmist says." She was anxious to do as directed, but she could not make up her mind whether she ought to say "as the psalmist says" as part of her daily prayer; and I imagine her, in her scrupulousness, still giving Heaven the benefit of this piece of literary gossip! It is Lord Beaconsfield who speaks of a lady of gay celebrity putting off her cap and bells at his Eminence's feet; and there was truth behind the fiction. The routine of his life brought him into relation most often with the devout elderly lady — the mother of a flock, each one of whom the cardinal-archbishop would know by name, and be consulted about, as to the profession of Jack and the engagement of Jill. The experience was all the more vivid by contrast, when there came to him some great lady from the inner world of fashion, floating in a cloud of perfume, having first dropped from her hand the last French novel. The type startled him at first; but he, who was so ready to remind us that the habit did not make the monk, became equally persuaded that gay feathers did not mean a heart incapable of discipline, and that even heights of holiness could be spiritually attempted — though the outer foot wore the last vanity in shoes from the Burlington Arcade. No one — not Dr. Badenoch even — ever suspected his Eminence of using scent; but there came a time when I found twice or thrice in succession even the large rooms filled with perfumes of Piesse. A little later the conversion of a lady of fashion was announced. Never was passenger for St. Peter's bark in the hands of a more skilful pilot than was a great lady in the hands of this great man; and to his task he brought not merely skill but affection. Of these neophytes he spoke, if he spoke at all, with paternal tenderness. One such was so clever; she had written so sensibly and well — just a letter to announce her conversion to an illustrious personage, who suggested in reply that he saw behind hers an Eminent hand — "which was quite untrue," said the cardinal, "though I own I may have changed a phrase here, or added a phrase there." I thought it was not a very bad instance, after all, of the illustrious personage's perception. Whatever the cardinal's tact,

it never hid the truth at any rate from the tactful. Generally he went straight to the mark. "I have been doing something you would not approve this afternoon, voting for the Marriage with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," said the Prince of Wales to him one evening. "I know you have, sir," said the cardinal, not apologetically. "You disapprove that very much?" asked the prince in appeasing tones. "I do, sir," was the straight reply.

Another type of woman had a great attraction for him — the Protestant young lady, whose piety has, more and more of late years, taken so practical a turn. He met, one after another, these maidens, each animated by a serious intention to make some one less wretched. A young man who had interested him, and who had two accidental associations with him — for he, too, was of Balliol, and his father lived in the house at Totteridge once occupied by the father of the cardinal — fell ill, and his wife wrote to tell his Eminence. The aged man of eighty set out immediately to see the sufferer, a journey of an hour or two each way to a pasture of which he was not the spiritual shepherd. I happened to see him just after his return, and I cannot forget the glowing words he used of this Protestant lady — the daughter of a Scottish gentleman, who had left her home, he said, and had come to nurse in a London hospital for the sake of God and her fellow-creatures, and who had been married thence as if from her home. He said he thought all this self-denial wonderful in young women outside the Church. But the perfection of all womankind he found in his beloved neighbors, the Sisters of Charity, in Carlisle Place. Personally, he had not much sympathy with the contemplative orders of either men or women. What captivated him most was the woman who worked in the world yet prayed in the cloister, who went about doing good — the leaven of holiness in the school and the slum. The Sisters of Nazareth came next in his affections; and of the Community at Hammersmith he said, wishing to cap my own praises, "They are unspoiled Irishwomen, and you cannot easily beat that." Those who are curious to know the cardinal's preference in female beauty may care to hear that the only woman's face I ever heard him express an opinion on was that of "Princess T——" among Lenbach's fine portraits. I had turned over the leaves showing more brilliant beauties; but when we came to this he said: "That's pretty." I think it was because the lady has her eyes cast

down. For equally ascetic reasons he liked the high foreheaded, colorless Madonnas better than all the mundane magnificences of Murillo.

In most questions his liberality was beyond expectation. He was never afraid of being compromised in the cause of charity. About Padre Curci, when he had been expelled by the Jesuits, and was even out of papal favor, he once unbosomed himself to me. "I have put my purse at his disposal in his necessities," he said, "and I tell you this, that you may tell it when I am gone," — a phrase which he not unfrequently used, and which I have regarded as an obligation in cases where, otherwise, my pen would run through passages. "They would burn him in Rome," he added, smiling, "if they could; and they would burn me too." An American lady, with a literary reputation less than her deserts — she, whose "Signor Monaldini's Niece" is among the few delightful contemporary novels — wrote another book in one of whose heroes the cardinal recognized Padre Curci; and the portrait, though he thought it overdrawn, delighted him. He came upon it by a chance. Her books had been hailed, in a newspaper he was supposed to control, as a glory, where a glory was somewhat needed, to the Catholic literature of America; whereupon some one complained to the cardinal, sending a copy of this particular book, with sentences carefully marked as certainly improper. "Profoundly pure," was his Eminence's verdict on the impeached passages. He heard occasionally of ladies whose lives were made a burden to them by horrors they sometimes listened to in sermons, and who were forbidden by confessors to hear them. "Has it come to that? Well, I do not wonder," he said. Fantastic sermons, which violate Gospel reserve, and which profess to reveal more of the mind of our Lord than did inspiration itself, were a great cross to him. "Poor things," he said once of a community who had asked him to preach, and in whose tone he thought he perceived a certain sophistication; "I fear they were disappointed, for I found nothing better to preach about than the crucifixion." He had a great desire that his flock should love what he called "the music of the English Bible," and he published at his own cost St. John's Gospel, in a form which made it available for the pocket. There was no medal or scapular which he regarded as an equipment more heavenly. He was less rigid in regard to trivial art in churches; I never heard him re-echo

Savonarola's protest against the tawdry robes of crudest dye and the tinsel jewellery of the customary Madonna: "I tell you she went about dressed as a simple young woman." Yet Savonarola and he had most things in common; and they would not have differed so greatly either in the inventory of things to be heaped on the bonfire which the one lighted in Florence—and the other willingly would have lighted in Bond Street. One favorite phrase of his in certain of his moods was really a paraphrase from Savonarola: "In the catacombs the candlesticks were of wood, but the priests were of gold. Now the candlesticks are of gold." It was the more effective because the cardinal left, as Savonarola did not leave, the antithesis to complete itself. It was by such phrases—slightly piquant, he knew them to be—that he kept his faithful clergy ever on their mettle.

The friendship between the cardinal and Mr. Gladstone was characteristic of the eddies of both men's dispositions, and of the changes of the times. Begun at Oxford, where already both bore the mark of their predestination to greatness, and both had the profound impress of piety, it was continued through the years which saw Manning settle into Churchmanship, and Gladstone into statesmanship—two rôles they might easily have interchanged. And when there came, in 1845, that crisis of the Anglican Church in the minds of a large group, the secession of Newman, it was Manning who preached to Gladstone the quieting doctrine that the freaks of individualism in her sons could not be pitted against the great corporate teaching of the mother Church of England. Perturbed in spirit, the politician left London behind him, and in the calm atmosphere of a Sussex rectory propounded this question: "Are all these conversions, capped by Newman's, so many separate testimonies to the truth of the Roman Church, or is there any one trait held by these men in common to account for their conversion?" "There *is* one trait," said the archdeacon oracularly, "a want of truth." I tell the story as it was told to me. But it had an authentic sound to any one familiar with the ready-made-reason moods from which riper years did not wholly deliver him; and when I asked him, in the eighties, if it was true, he said that, though he had forgotten the words, they no doubt represented a general feeling he had that "Tract 90" was unstraightforward, and all these converts might, at a moment when the rising hope of the

Church party needed a terse reply, be taken as tarred with the "Tract 90" brush. In 1889 I taxed Mr. Gladstone's memory as to the episode, but found it a blank until he heard the whole story, when the incident came back to him, except that he questioned the geography, thinking that it took place in London, not at Lavington. When Manning and Hope-Scott seceded together five years later, Gladstone said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes.

The Irish University question, which wrecked Mr. Gladstone's bill in 1873, was the first great rock of offence set by circumstances between the two friends. For the Archbishop of Westminster was credited with influencing Irish and Catholic opinion, in and out of Parliament, to reject the proposals which, on the other hand, politicians of the Fawcett school attacked as concessions to popery. Between the two stools the minister of state fell, and when the Churchman and statesman met in the street, one looked in another direction. The statesman indited pamphlet after pamphlet to assert that the Vatican Council had tampered with the civil allegiance of Catholics, pamphlets in which it was so easy and pleasant to eulogize Newman, if only to set off a silence as to the merits of Manning. Even then, when Manning winced for the words of his friend, his thoughts went back affectionately and admiringly to the Gladstone of other days—the Gladstone of Christ Church, *sans peur et sans reproche*, the splendid type of all he most worshipped—talent and piety. "You surprise me," said Lord Beaconsfield, when Manning had been comparing the calm, broad, balanced Gladstone of that day and the Gladstone of later years; "I thought he had always been an Italian in the custody of a Scotchman." By the time Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eightieth birthday the cardinal was able to write to him about the eighty stairs they had climbed together, a letter which had no hint of anything but the old trust and the old affection.

The temporary estrangement between the cardinal and Mr. Gladstone was, as may be supposed, watched with some interest, and turned to some profit by Lord Beaconsfield. The portrait of Cardinal Grandison in "Lothair" did not please its prototype. Very different, he thought, was the spirit shown in the delineation of the Archbishop of Tyre in "Endymion;" and there had been a good deal of communication between the novelist and the sitter during the interval between the two

works. When asked by the cardinal why he called himself a Tory, Lord Beaconsfield replied: "Because the word Conservative is so long."

And long — "the word is like a knell" — is the epithet which must already be applied to these reminiscences. I, therefore, close, without exhausting, them. Fragmentary (his favorite word), unorganized as they are, they reveal points in the temperament of this great Churchman, which could not be easily gathered from his formal writings or his official acts. He had a great desire to be known as he was; and those who possess broad human sympathies will not wonder at it; for there was nothing narrow or artificial in him. He was the exact contrary of what superficial bystanders represented him to be — the marble arch(bishop) of profane jest. The most humble of men, he was not without an imperiousness all his own, which well became him. When he was eighty, letters of congratulation poured in upon him in varying keys of homage — all save one. His elder sister, who still thought of him only as a younger brother, wrote to remind him that not by the length of a man's years, but by the way they are spent, will he be judged in another world. "I hope I never forget that," said the cardinal; "and yet what I have done is nothing, and I go empty-handed to my Redeemer." Only a little while before his death he told me of his sister's age — "ninety-three, and with all her faculties" — a welcome precedent. In his own unworldly way he loved the world and all the people in it. He did not want to die; but none was ever so submissive to the summons. "When you hear I have taken to my bed, you can order my coffin," he said to me; "in that I shall be like Lord Beaconsfield." Wearily and reluctantly he climbed the stone stairs for the last time, just after signing a business letter to the Vatican in the Italian he had economized time at Balliol by learning while he shaved. He had borne the burden of a long day; and he leaves a memory that must illuminate those who come after him in the work which remains for them to do.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

So great and humble a man as Cardinal Manning had necessarily a special side visible to each person who came in close contact with him, and even small contributions to a complete picture of him are not without value. I have been accustomed to think that he showed me a blithe and cosy human friendship which must

have been rare. He treated me as a good old uncle might treat a niece whose ways were not his, but were interesting and entertaining to him, and merited his respect also. Anything further from the "contempt for women," which one or two rash newspaper correspondents have attributed to him, could not well have been imagined, than his gentle fun and serious help and advice. I grant, his advice was always given with an air of authority belonging to his position, but the authority vanished like a mist the moment it was not acknowledged, and he would add: "Am I not right? Don't you agree with me?" The fact is, his personal humility as a Christian man, his trained deference as an English gentleman, his devoted desire for the truth and the right, his sense of his ecclesiastical dignity and his firm stand on the Church's foundation, made a combination of perfect simplicity of manner, and left him free from personal considerations about himself, as well as about those with whom he was conversing. They were either souls needing his help, or fellow workers consulting with him, and equal in view of the work. I suppose that few came into close relationship with him without finding that he felt it to be his duty to show them what he saw as truth; but, so far as I know, he was content not to try to impose himself on their convictions. He gave me the impression that liberality as to others was as strong as conviction for himself. He even had a certain amused sense of the horror in which he knew himself and his Church to be held by people for whom he had respect.

My personal knowledge of Cardinal Manning dates only a few years back. I was in London about a case of peculiarly insolent ruffianism on the part of a bad man. His crime could not be punished by law, nor by publicity; but it went hard with me that it should pass quite scot-free. My usual counsellors were far away, and I went to the cardinal to see what he thought could be done. I proposed a certain course. We talked the case over, and then the cardinal said: "I don't know *you*. I don't know whether you have courage to do it. I don't know whether you will do it well." I said I had courage, and would take his suggestions as to how to do it. He said: "Well. Let us talk about other things, and then we'll see." And for an hour or so we talked about common friends, about modes of work for the troubled, and about non-personal religious topics. I had known so much of

him through others, that I was not surprised to find how sweetly, genially humorous he was — in fact, half-chaffing on some subjects, while burning with indignation on others. He finally said: "I think you can do this, and I think it will be a good thing to do. God bless you. Take this blessing, at least, as the blessing of an old man." I think his rich and beautiful voice almost always sounded in the ears of a departing visitor: "Come and see me again." He loved to have people come to him for advice and help, and perhaps loved it most keenly if he knew that they were stepping across some barrier. He certainly stepped across many a barrier to meet me, as he always did, after that first time. I carried out the plan, pleased him, and he wrote to me: "What you did was contrary to the prudence of this world, but in accordance with the prudence of the next. Good will come of it; at all events, a voice has spoken to him in God's name, and his word does not return void. For the present, what you have done is enough."

I did not see him again for some time, and when I went I shall never forget his appearance as he came in. His attendant, Newman, always confused me with another lady, and I suppose he had taken in no clear message as to who I was. The old man came in, holding one side of his long coat across his chest, drawn up to his full height, and looking as severe and distant as could be. He was a mediæval ecclesiastic all over. But when I made a few steps forward to meet him, face and figure all relaxed, and smiling, he said: "Oh! it's *you*, is it? Well? What mischief is on foot to-day? What commands have you for me?" At the end of my business he said: "Have you seen So-and-so (a recent 'vert to the Catholic Church) lately?" I said I had, and that I was charmed to see what his Christianity could do for an Agnostic. "Yes, that is a true conversion. That is a true conversion — a conversion as you Methodists understand it, too." And presently he seemed to think this was his first good chance with me, and said: "And when are you coming nearer?" "I am not likely ever to come nearer in the sense I think you mean," I said; and he urged on me the benefits of confession. I must say that I did little but parry the attack, because I could not bring myself to say plainly what I thought. He seemed too good and gentle to be opposed. But he gave me a book of his, and asked me to discuss it with him later on. The next time he saw

I was unwilling, and said nothing till we had said good-bye. Then came a pause, and "Well?" I said, "No. I only came to you for the business we have settled." "Very well, very well. But you know you need guidance." I avoided the whole question, and for a time or two he left all such personalities alone. Then he gave me a little book on the "Office of the Holy Spirit," and pressed me for comments on it. At last I frankly told him that his dignity and kindness about other things made it painful to speak plainly, but that I agreed with his book as far as he could quote Scripture in support of his teaching, but that he presently came to his doctrine of the Church, and had no quotations, and that then I differed. He said gently, "You do not see your need of confession and of the Church, but it is there." I said: "No. You suggest to me means by which to get what I have already, peace with God through Jesus Christ, and access to God by the Holy Spirit. You have really nothing better to offer me. And I can say this freely to you because you understand life as no ordinary priest can. You have lived a complete life, and understand. You know that I have all I need." He said quickly, with a sharp look at me: "Are you content with yourself, then?" Of course I said no, but with the faith and doctrine I had received. And I added again: "You *know* I have what satisfies my soul's needs." He paused, nodded his head repeatedly, and then said: "I know that I think that you would always follow the truth." I said: "More than that. You know that I see the truth differently from you, and that I have what satisfies me, while you have what satisfies you. Forgive me; I must speak plainly when you press me." He turned to me, and said very solemnly: "The Church has a doctrine of the intention of the heart. You have that intention of the heart. God bless you, God bless you." Then he reverted to the practical business result we had previously come to, and sent two or three messages by me to fellow-workers.

He used, with a smile, to ask me about the health of a lady of his own age whom he knew to be an anxiously zealous Protestant, and sent messages which I durst not deliver. I always felt his quiet, underlying sense of Christian fellowship with her to be strong, though he knew that to her he represented "the Scarlet Woman" in England.

Perhaps one of the most amusing conversations I ever had with him was after

I had seen some evictions in Ireland, and had made friends with some priests over there. I went to tell him all about it, and he spoke with great warmth of appreciation about the English Protestants who had been over to cheer the hearts of the Irish. I said it was strange that English Catholics did not go. He said they were not in sympathy. I asked why he did not tell them to go, since it must stir their sympathy. "They *won't* go,"—he repeated again and again; "it's no use. They won't go." "Then," I said, "why don't you tell their confessors to send them for penance?" He laughed heartily, lifted his hands, and let them fall on his knees: "A capital idea! I will," he said.

I have been struck with his readiness to do things which a man of his age, to say nothing of his dignity, would not generally do. He would get up and go and put a little coal on the fire, saying: "We shall get quite cold sitting talking here." He gave me a delightful sense of enjoying the not being on ceremony or professional with me. After that one frank talk, he seemed to feel homeish and chatty, and never again did more than give me a little book and bless me. I once urged him to express publicly his opinion on a matter on which he felt bound to silence almost complete. He said, "You understand I am tied and pledged." I said, "It is of great importance. Can you say nothing more?" He said, "Well, what could I say? What do you think I could say?" I suggested one thing after another that seemed to me possible. "No, no." Till, at last, I got a phrase which he felt would do, and he said, "Now, you must be quiet and content with that. I can go no further. I am bound."

Last summer I thought that in his remarks on the Encyclical he had fallen into the almost universal clerical error of laying the burden of parental responsibility on mothers. I wrote to him, saying plainly that I thought that the clergy generally said this sort of thing naturally, because if they returned to the earlier doctrine that it is incumbent on fathers to teach their children as they walk in the way, they would have to practise what they preached, and society pressed in the opposite direction. I begged him, from his freer position, to set the example of a better doctrine, and to try to stir fathers up to do their share. I told him I despaired of true doctrine until women took their place in pulpits and on platforms. He quickly replied:—

I began reading your letter without knowing from whom it came, and I said to myself: "Hey-day, here is a fine lady scolding! I wonder who it is." I then looked at the end, and wondered no longer.

What can be more unjust than you?

I was writing not against the women, but against employers. Mothers are partly driven into work, as you say, by the selfishness of fathers and the temptation of employers.

What have I been doing for twenty years but preaching to fathers, in pledging them to total abstinence from drink, and in binding them to spend all they earn on their homes, by which the mothers can live a domestic life? Even the context of what you quote contains all this. But you ladies are torpedoes, and not legislators or preachers.

There! I have had my revenge.

But how can our people have homes until the land laws and the house property laws have been revised?

I hope you are getting a good holiday.

I was, of course, much delighted with this letter, but it turned out that he was just as much pleased with it as I. I went to call on him with a friend who wanted to be introduced to him, and he came into the room where we had waited, holding out both hands, and saying eagerly, "Did you get my letter? What did you think of it?" I told him I had been charmed by it, though I did not think it an answer. He at once began, chuckling, to explain the controversy to my friend, and was quite full of amusement. Our errand was to ask him to write a paper for the *Review of the Churches*, on re-union, and my friend was going about the matter diplomatically; but as soon as he saw what it was, he at once said, "I should like to write on that for you." Then he talked earnestly on the subject, quoting a correspondence with an Anglican clergyman, who had said that Anglican clergy would be able to join the Roman Catholic Church, if she would recognize their orders, dispense with celibacy, and—I forget the third point. "That's rather a large order. It's asking a *good* deal," he said.

He ended a conversation that was hurried, because he had a bishop waiting for him, by repeating his invariable line of talk on this subject, to the effect that formal union was far off, and that one could not see how it is to come, but that united work for the objects we can see alike upon is the true road to the end, as it is the only practical way of expressing our desires for unity. He welcomed any union among the sects as a sign of a deep desire for union, and as a promise for the future of the whole Church.

Like all who came in contact with him, I feel myself to have parted temporarily from one of my dearest friends, but only as friends part to live in different countries. It is such childlike souls as his really was that make almost visible to one the family life of heaven and earth as one and undivided. He had thought the Father's command was to obey a Church without questioning its authority, and he acquiesced like a child. His deepest sympathies seemed to me always to be for untaught and neglected children. If this seems to leave out of sight the "astute Churchman" view of him, I can only say that there is no diplomacy like perfect simplicity, and that always has seemed to me to be his diplomacy.

SARAH M. SHELDON AMOS.

SEVEN and a half years ago — through a work in which we were both specially interested, the children's sections of the Criminal Law Amendment Act — I first came to know the great man who has just left a church without its brightest ornament, and a country without one of its noblest sons, and whose life has been to me ever since that day like some beautiful sacred song. I had been warned against him by a valued friend as "the prince of proselytizers," and had a strong constitutional and principled dislike to his Church, and at least very negative feelings towards ecclesiastics in general; and now I met the man. "Well," said he, almost swinging his hand into the grasp of mine, "you are going to work for suffering children; God bless and help you!" His princedom in his church, his long, black, crimson-edged cassock, his crimson tiara, his cross of gold, his intellect and learning, his history, were all lost in a sweetness and sanctity which I had never met before save in humanity's holiest, most perfect childhood. His sacred seriousness, his spontaneous delight, his absorption in what I had to say, his intense righteousness, the evident aims with which he lived, the human warmth and color which illuminated every feature of his wonderful face possessed me with liberty and joy in his presence. I had but one thought in coming away from him: the splendor of a true man. He was the man who I man's instinctive choice. Often have I seen him since that day, but neither then nor at any subsequent visit to him did I ever for one moment feel that I was in the presence of a great ecclesiastic — much less of a little one. There were such persons hung in painting

upon his walls. The intense simplicity of his nature, together with the extraordinary vastness of the sphere of its sympathies, pities, and solitudes, constituted that same kind of dignity, that pure majesty, which compelled the child of Heth, "even the children of Heth," to answer Abraham, saying, "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us."

He was a king. His robes and jewels, and shields and heraldry, and tower of strength were that his great mind and heart went out to his race. He was at the summit of all the humanity you had known. Your reverence for him sprang from the glimmer of himself in you. There was a deep, tender fear in it which was akin to worship, and which tended to make men of no religion and men of every variety of religion kneel for his blessing as Jacob's sons knelt for Jacob's.

To this personality was added the subtle suggestion of his coming to you from a still larger world than the vast world of men. In all his bearing was the saying: "I am a stranger and sojourner with you." He was a son of the living God and Father of all. Men, rude and refined, of his Church, of no Church, and of all Churches, while revering and loving him for himself, had their unbelief put a little to shame, or their faith gladdened, by the subtle, luminous power in which his strong, clear faith and joy in his God and theirs, bathed him, and, for the moment, them. They had seen none such wonderful manhood. The sense of eternal things which filled his presence men, to their surprise, felt in a degree haunting themselves. They had glimmers of a nimbus around his venerable head which made them, perhaps, dimly understand why painters had gilded aureoles around the heads of those saints which hung upon his walls.

Yet not the humblest docker, not the youngest child, not the hardest unbeliever, found in him any "greatness," as earth's great personages are great. He had the gentleness, the deference of a father pitying his children. He was aware not in the least that he was a cardinal-archbishop; to be of service to you seemed the special object of his life. It was thus that "My son," as he used to address an earnest man, seemed so well to become his lips. Yet was his pleasure in his service so child-like, that his heart seemed to bound and sing with the enjoyment of the thought that he could be anything of a helper to the helpless among men.

From first to last my acquaintance with him was almost wholly in his relation to

suffering children. I am fain to think that, as their friend, he loved me. It was in those years when the need of the society for whose existence I worked—the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—was still unrecognized, whilst its success was still doubtful, whilst its proposals for legislation were generally resented as “grandmotherly,” its statements of reasons for such legislation “sensational” and “hysterical,” whilst national opinion upon its existence and aims was adverse or dead—it was then that Cardinal Manning allowed me to find in him a friend, and made me feel the strength which comes from such a man’s homage to one’s cause. By a true instinct he rejected alike the doubts and the censures which at that time were almost universal, and in various and subtle ways, by sacred sympathy and encouragement, and by a wide and statesmanlike view of the matter, sustained the faith and zeal necessary if the cause was not to prove too great and die. When urging patience in those days, the cardinal said in his own persuasive way: “Child-life and home-life have not been thought about in England. We have to make them thought about. The age is busy and superficial. Such work will take time. Nothing that a nation needs deeply does it suddenly espouse.” At another moment of disappointment he said to the same worker: “There is room for only one true fear in a man. That fear is that he may be wrong. When that has been banished, there is no room for any other.” Whenever he observed in the paper that either I or the society had had a snub, he was sure to send a little note, “Come and see me.” On one occasion he said, referring to a case which had recently been dismissed by the Westminster magistrate: “Nothing is more to be dreaded in a work like this than that we should allow the weaknesses of human agencies to divert our attention from the righteousness of our mission. And do remember,” he added, “that magistrates cannot be expected to administer the law beyond the requirements of public sentiment. Nothing is so likely to make an earnest man unjust to officials as that he should be disheartened. St. Paul could work for his Lord, and yet respect the officials whose duty it was to send him to prison.” When the first essay was made to interest the thinking part of the nation in the cruelties from which so many of its children suffered, he joined with me, a comparatively unknown man, in writing an article in this review, thus lending the in-

fluence of his great name to a cause as yet unpopular. When the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was before Parliament, he went down to the House twice to use his influence in the lobby with some of the members he knew, from whom, he feared, support for it was not probable. To the same influence the society owes some of its most influential supporters. To its two last annual meetings he promised to come if his doctor would permit him to do so. The previous winters had both been spent indoors. When the time for the meetings came he was still unwell. On one occasion, when urged to go and winter in the south of France, and follow the good example of Mr. Spurgeon, he said: “When my Father opens his door, and wants Henry Edward Manning within, shall the child not be waiting on the step?”

His interest in children was like his character—an all-round one and of the most genuine and simple kind. “I like to go into the parks on Sunday,” he said on one occasion, “to see the children and talk with them; and I give them my blessing.” Then, with a pleased smile he added: “Nobody can say that I am proselytizing in that.” Referring on one occasion to a depressed remark I had made to him on the small results of the past year’s work: “Only seventy cases!” he exultingly exclaimed. “Small result! Think of seventy little children’s tears dried, and seventy little children’s pains stopped! We can never say that that is nothing. It is glorious!” In a still more solemn voice, he continued: “A child’s needless tear is a blood-blot upon this earth.” A worker for the society, after a tour in Ireland, called upon him at his request to tell him the result. On hearing that the Catholic priest and the treasurer of the Irish Church Missionary Society, Parnellite and McCarthyite, Orangeman and Home Ruler, had met together on our platform, and had joined in forming our aid committees, he clapped his hands and exclaimed: “How happy the old prophet would have been! The good days are coming. It is the little child that will be their leader. People will find their brotherhood in little children.”

What this great man did for suffering children he could not help doing. The sinister motives which have been attributed to him by persons who did not know him are to me, who have had the privilege of his intimacy for seven and a half years, unjust and impossible. His zealous Roman Catholicism was but the image and

superscription of that pure golden humanity, to which each needless tear of a child was a blood-drop. With the ecclesiastical kingdom to which he gave his allegiance I have no concern here. Before all things he was a grandly human being. To him the cause and service of the little and weak was what to too many ecclesiastics is the cause and service of the great and the strong. Whatever was his own desire in the matter, the power of his life served, not Romanism, but religion. It was in spite of his alien Church, alien in name and in habits of thought to English life, that he won Englishman's love. They travelled after him, led by his personality, not by his creed. The English are first political, then religious; and all their political traditions, as well as all the institutions their politics have created, place a bar against Romanism, which no personality, however great, can remove.

His influence was like that gracious influence of a noble woman which all men feel without becoming women, or even adopting their costume. It was created and it was limited by what in him was common to our best humanity, and which every human being by virtue of humanity must feel. The Church to which he belonged gave him titles; but these, though extending the range and opportunities of the fascination of his influence, did not constitute the source of it. Neither the mitre nor the crown, but the common heart of mankind transfigured, marks the true master of men. The pope may create twenty cardinals; he cannot create one Manning, for grand titles do not make grand men. A bishop's throne may have a bishop's empire, but only a bishop's. Manhood alone can have empire over men.

Though most of what he said to me was said to make my hands stronger to do the special work I had to do, and which, had he had time, his own hands would have gladly done, now and again conversation slipped into more general topics, when, so utterly simple was he and so open, that what some would call the trifles of his personal life would come up in his conversation, which all unconsciously betrayed how full of happy and prosperous virtue he was. On one occasion he told me this story in slow periods, in which every word was a reality: "I was going down that street," pointing out of the window to a double row of mansions that were being built, "and I met a little boy going along his happy way, with poor dress, but a lovely, thoughtful, pale, open face, and I

stopped him for the pleasure of speaking to him. 'Well, my little man, how are you, and where are you going with that little bundle in your hand?' He told me 'there'—pointing to one of the houses being built, 'to his father.' 'What is your father?' I asked. 'A carpenter, sir,' he replied." Then the cardinal added slowly, "I was awed and startled! I had met a carpenter's son! My Lord was once a little servant like that boy. Oh, Mr. Waugh," he exclaimed, almost in tears, "what depths of love were in Christ!" He then in the simplest way disclosed that he had at once returned home and sent all that he had then to give to some institution for the children of the poor "I feel at times," he said, "ashamed to own anything." I saw in that moment how intense upon him was the power of the life of our Lord.

Never was a man less of a bigot. He had a heart for all reality. We differed *toto cælo* in our ideas of the Church. As the name is generally understood, I had no Church. The source of my religion began and ended with the Nazarene. I had no Church history, no Church creeds, save the history once enacted in Galilee and Judea and the creed of the Gospels. The four lives of the Nazarene by four of his friends were my library of faith. My pope, my cardinals were, therefore, Christ and his twelve. My apostolical succession was to such men as had by direct contact with our Lord caught some of his holy fire. On one occasion when I had respectfully put my position to him he said: "Well, you are making me your confessor, and I give you absolution, for you need it; you are not following Christ as much as you think you are. Follow him enough and you will find that out."

When walking in the New Forest some years ago I came up, here and there upon the road, with little knots of country people in their Sunday best wending their way to a village church. They were going, I found, to the funeral of "the house-keeper at the Hall." I turned into the church, attended the service, and followed to the grave. I did not know the woman, but I found that she had been greatly loved and was bitterly mourned by the whole country-side, which had ceased labor and gathered to weep at her grave. Humanity mourned when she died. I found myself joining in its tears. When the lingering company had gone away, I said to the gravedigger: "She was much beloved, it seems." "Ah, sir!" he sobbed with difficulty, his aged, wrinkled face

crumpling up as fresh tears started, breaking his sentence. Then taking his shovel, he continued, as he began to shovel back the earth: "This is the hardest job I've had for many a day."

Those Hebrew "women from Galilee" and those English laborers from the Forest had the same kind of reason for their tears at the tomb. Humanity wept at both. And it was humanity that wept at the tomb of the cardinal. Our common race was bereaved. The mystic power of man "renewed after the image of Christ" is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Remembering the great woe of this great city and of the whole land at his grave it is well to reflect that though place and power play their part in this complex life of ours, empire belongs only to Christ and to the Christ-like soul, be its circle great or small. It is not an Atlantic alone that possesses the properties of the sea; each wave and ripple breaking around the children's feet paddling upon its shore possesses the same. Its very spray is salt. Nor is it greatness of name and vastness of sphere that constitute the power of a Christian. His power is that his nature is impregnated with the race-loving spirit of Christ. The soul may be as unconscious of its properties as the sea is of its properties, but it has them all the same; and by whatsoever Church-name that soul is known: Greek, Roman, or Anglican, be it a diocesan dignitary, or a "housekeeper at the Hall" among farms and laborers, the Christliness of its disposition and behavior will be the measure in which men will find in it "saving health."

Once I was warned by a well-known statesman against putting ecclesiastics on my society's committee. I said: "But we have already one on it, Cardinal Manning." His reply was: "Oh, Manning, he is not an ecclesiastic; he belongs to us all!"

That the supremest humanity is king among men, this is the lesson of the great life which the nation mourns, and which it will see no more.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

I CANNOT refrain from adding to the foregoing papers a few recollections of my own. For some years past I have, like many others, been admitted to Cardinal Manning's friendship, and found ready access to him. Many an hour's conversation I have had with him—often on a Sunday evening, when he seemed to be at leisure for general and discursive talk. Several friends, notably Dr. Paton and the

late Dr. Hatch, I have had the pleasure of making known to him; for he seemed desirous of meeting every one worth knowing. He never tried to convert me; indeed we did not go much into ecclesiastical argument; recognizing our different points of view, we were ready to discuss the secondary questions on which differences are not vital. I remember that early in our acquaintance the cardinal, who had undertaken to write an article for this review on the question of the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh to the House of Commons, sent to ask me to go down and talk to him about it. I found him with the manuscript just finished, the sheets scarcely dry. He read over the whole to me, challenging me to concur with, or dissent from, each proposition, and breaking into a gentle smile when—as was generally the case—I intimated strong dissent. I thought the article very good as a statement of opinion, but untenable as an argument.

I once congratulated him on his long life, as giving time for his motives and career to display themselves in their true light. He assented, referring very feelingly to the unpopularity and misconception he had had to go through; how he had been under a cloud for twenty or thirty years, but had in the end lived through it.

I have never met with any one who seemed to me a more thorough bishop; not merely carrying with sedulous attention and grave responsibility, though with a masterful sense of certainty and ease, the cares of his own diocese and Church, and—to his own feeling at least—of the religion of his country, but always ready to undertake the guidance of any individual soul in need, caring for the one, and lavish of thought and time in each case—a confessor as well as an overseer. He meditated deeply on the state of Christianity in England—of course with a bias; thought highly, on the whole, of the aristocracy, spoke often in words of solemn warning of the perils of our pursuit of money, but recognized the deep-seated belief in God of the bulk of the people. There was much Catholic truth, he would say, among the Methodists, and he held that the Salvation Army, sadly defective as it was, was nevertheless seriously preaching the fear of God.

I was abroad during the early part of the Dock strike. On returning, I went to see the cardinal, who told me what he had been doing. I suggested that the Bishop of London, having put his hand to the

plough, had looked back. "Yes," he said, with a sort of wicked smile, "and I am not sure whether any other of my episcopal brethren were in England at the time."

Some years ago Dr. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, wrote some articles criticising the theological position of Cardinal Newman. Cardinal Manning, reading these, spoke to me of his great interest in them, and expressed a wish to meet Dr. Fairbairn. Accordingly, he came to my house one afternoon to meet Dr. Fairbairn and my friend Dr. Paton. Mr. Lilly was also present, and some members of my family. After tea the conversation naturally turned on the Roman Catholic question, and in the most friendly and generous spirit, as might be expected from the temper of the men, a general argument of the deepest interest was held, Dr. Fairbairn propounding questions to bring out the points, the cardinal replying, and Dr. Paton interposing remarks and questions now and then. The cardinal did not bind himself to Cardinal Newman's positions, and indeed expressly disclaimed to have so studied his books as to know his views; but he treated the belief in God as a necessity of his existence, and deduced from it the belief in Christianity—*i.e.*, the Catholic Church. His argument was, to the minds of some present, somewhat out of date, founded rather on the lines current in the Tractarian times than on those which are adjusted to modern history and philosophy. But he more than frankly admitted to saving grace Christians outside the Roman Catholic Church, basing his view on the doctrine of extraordinary grace, the result of the grace of the Church, and shining out beyond her pale. The whole conversation was strenuous; Drs. Fairbairn and Paton, both coming, as they explained, of the blood of the Covenanters, were firm, though fraternal, themselves holding High Church doctrine, though of a different order. I remember especially one passage. The cardinal was asked to define the specific Roman Catholic theory of the Church, and, settling himself to the task, spoke for two or three minutes. At the close of his sentences we all three, with one voice, accepted his definition absolutely. This may show either the underlying similarity of Christian creeds or the difficulties of definition; but it was very striking. There was no difference as to the ideas of the Church and Catholicity; only as to the realities which corresponded to them. The conversation was at last broken off by the cardinal having

to leave. Rising from his chair, he grasped Dr. Fairbairn by the hand, and with the greatest warmth, said how glad he was, in spite of what he must consider imperfections, to be able to recognize him as a brother in Christ. Dr. Fairbairn, with like feeling, replied how happy he was to be able so to regard him, without even speaking of imperfections, and even happier to be in a position to acknowledge him as a teacher called to his office, like himself, by the Master, and possessed therefore of the same right to serve him. It was a mutual benediction, and a scene I shall never forget.

P. W. B.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE VILLAGE LEGACY.

"THE case of Mussumât * Nuttia being without heirs," droned the court-inspector.

"Bring her in."

"She is already in the Presence. If the Protector of the Poor will rise somewhat—at the other side of the table, Huzoor!—beside the yellow-trousered legs of the guardian of peace—that is Mussumât Nuttia."

A child some three years of age, with a string of big blue beads round her neck,—a child who had evidently had a very satisfying meal, and who was even now preserving its contour by half a yard of sugarcane, stared gravely back at the assistant magistrate's grave face.

"She has no heirs of any kind?" he asked.

"None, Huzoor! Her mother was of the Harni tribe, working harvests in Bhāmanīwallah-khurd. There the misfortune of being eaten by a snake came upon her by the grace of God. Mussumât Nuttia therefore remains——"

"Oh, Guardian of the Poor!" said two voices in unison, as two tall, bearded figures swathed in whitish-brown draperies pressed a step forward with outstretched, petitioning hands. They had been awaiting this crisis all day long, with that mixture of tenacity and indifference which is seen on most faces in an Indian court.

"Give her in charge of the headmen of the village; they are responsible."

"Shelter of the world! 'tis falsely represented. The woman was a vagrant, a loose walker, a——"

"Is the order written? Then bring the next case."

* A title of courtesy equivalent to our *mistress*.

One flourish of a pen, and Mussumât Nuttia became a village legacy; the only immediate result being that having sucked one end of her sugarcane dry, she began methodically on the other. Half an hour afterwards, mounted on a white pony, with pink eyes and nose and a dyed pink tail to match, she was on her way back to the cluster of reed huts dignified by the name of Bhâmaniwallah-khurd, or Little Bhâmaniwallah. Big Bhâmaniwallah lay a full mile to the northward, secured against midsummer floods by the high bank which stretched like a mud wall right across the Punjab plain, from the skirts of the hills to the great meeting of the five waters at Mit-tankote. But Little Bhâmaniwallah lay in the lap of the river, and so Bahâdur, and Boota, and Jodha, and all the grave, big-bearded dogs who fed their herds of cattle on the low ground and speculated in the cultivation of sand-banks, lived with their loins girded ready to shift house with the shifting of the river. That was why the huts were made of reeds; that was why the women of the village clanked about in solid silver jewellery, thus turning their persons into a secure savings bank.

Mussumât Jewun, Bahâdur, the headman's wife, wore bracelets like manacles, and a perfect yoke of a necklet, as she patted out the dough cakes and expostulated shrilly at the introduction of a new mouth into the family, when Nuttia, fast asleep, was lifted from the pony and put down in the warm sand by the door.

"She belongs to the village," replied the elders, wagging their beards. "God knows what my lords desire with the Harni brat, but if they ask for her, she must be forthcoming; ay! and fat. They like people to grow fat, even in their jail-khanas."

So Nuttia grew fat; she would have grown fat even had the fear of my lords not been before the simple villagers' eyes, for despite her tender years she was eminently fitted to take care of herself. She had an instinct as to the houses where good things were being prepared, and her chubby little hand imperiously stretched out for a portion was seldom sent away empty. Indeed, to tell the sober truth, Nuttia was not to be gainsaid as to her own hunger. "My stomach is bigger than *that*, grandmother!" she would say confidently, if the alms appeared to her inadequate, and neither cuffs nor neglect altered her conviction. She never cried, and the little fat hand silently demanding more, came back again and again after every rebuff till

she felt herself in a condition to seek some warm, sunny corner, and curl round to sleep. She lived, for the most part, with the yelping, slouching, village dogs, following them, as the nights grew chill, to the smouldering brick-kilns, where she fed the little dust-colored puppies with anything above, or beneath, her own appetite.

As she outgrew childhood's vestment of curves and dimples, some one gave her an old rag of a petticoat. Perhaps the acquisition of clothes followed, as in ancient days, a fall from grace; certain it was that Nuttia in a garment was a far less estimable member of society than Nuttia without one. To begin with, it afforded opportunity for the display of many mortal sins. Vainglory in her own appearance, deceit in attempting to palm the solitary prize off on the world as a various and complete wardrobe, and dishonesty flagrant and unabashed; for once provided with a convenient receptacle for acquired trifles Nuttia took to stealing as naturally as a puppy steals bones.

Then, once having recognized the pleasures of possession, she fought furiously against any infringement of her rights. A boy twice her size went yelling home to his parents on her first resort to brute force consequent on the discovery of a potsherd tied to her favorite puppy's tail. This victory proved unfortunate for the peace of the village, the head men awoke to the necessity for training up their Legacy in the paths of virtue. So persistent pummelling was resorted to with the happiest effect. Nuttia stole and fought no more; she retired with dignity from a society which failed to appreciate her, and took to the wilderness instead. At earliest dawn, after her begging round was over, she would wander out from the thorn enclosures to the world; a kaleidoscope world where fields ripened golden crops one year, and the next brought the red brown river wrinkling and dimpling in swift current; where big, brand-new continents rose up before eager eyes, and clothed themselves in green herbs and creeping things innumerable, going no further, however, in the scale of creation, except when the pelicans hunched themselves together to doze away digestion, or a snub-nosed alligator took a slimy snooze on the extreme edge. If you wished to watch the birds, or the palm-squirrels, or the jerboa rats, you had to face northwards and skirt the high bank. So much of Dame Nature's ways, and a vast deal more, Mussumât Nuttia learnt ere the set-

ting sun and hunger drove her back to the brick-kilns, and the never-failing meal of scraps — never-failing, because the lords of the universe liked people to be fat, and the head-men were responsible for their Legacy's condition.

So when an assistant magistrate — indefinite because of the constant changes which apparently form part of Western policy — included the Bhāmaniwallahs in his winter tour of inspection, a *punchaiyut*, or Council of Five, decided that it was the duty of the village to provide Nuttia with a veil, in case she should be haled to the Presence; and two yards of Manchester muslin were purchased from the reserve funds of the village, and handed over to the child with many wise saws on the general advisability of decency. Nuttia's delight for the first five minutes was exhilarating, and sent the head-men back to other duties with a glow of self-satisfaction on their solemn faces. Then she folded the veil up quite square, sat down on it, and meditated on the various uses to which it could be put.

The result may be told briefly. Two days afterwards the assistant magistrate, being a keen sportsman, was crawling on his stomach to a certain long, low pool much frequented by teal and mallard. In the rear, gleaming white through the caper bushes, showed the usual cloud of witnesses filled with patient amazement at this unnecessary display of energy; yet for all that counting shrewdly on the good temper likely to result from good sport. So much so, that the sudden uprising into bad language of the Huzoor sent them forward prodigal of apology; but the sight that met their eyes dried up the fountain of excuse. Nuttia, stark naked, stood knee-deep in the very centre of the pool, catching small fry with a bag-net ingeniously constructed out of the Manchester veil.

The *punchaiyut* sat again to agree that a child who could not only destroy the sport of the Guardian of the Poor, but could also drag the village honor through the mud, despite munificent inducements towards decency, must be possessed of a devil. So Nuttia was solemnly censured with red pepper and tumeric, until her yells and struggles were deemed sufficient to denote a casting out of the evil spirit. It is not in the slow-brained, calm-hearted peasant of India to be unkind to children, and so, when the function was over, Mussumât Jewun and the other deep-chested, shrill-voiced women comforted the victim with sweetmeats and the assurance that

she would be ever so much better behaved in future.

Nuttia eyed them suspiciously, but ate her sweetmeats. This incident did not increase her confidence in humanity; on the other hand, the attitude of the brute creation was a sore disappointment to her. She might have had a heart instinct with greed of capture and sudden death, instead of that dim desire of companionship, for all the notice taken by the birds, and the squirrels, and the rats, of her outstretched handful of crumbs. She would sit for long hours, silent as a little bronze image set in the sunshiny sand; then in a rage, she would fling the crumbs at the timid creatures, and go home to the dogs and the buffaloes. They at least were not afraid of her; but then they were afraid of nobody, and Nuttia wanted something of her very own.

One day she found it. It was only an old bed-leg, but to the eye of faith an incarnation. For the leg of an Indian bed is not unlike a huge ninepin, and even a Western imagination can detect the embryo likeness between a ninepin and the human form divine. Man has a head, so has a ninepin; and if humanity is to wear petticoats one solid leg is quite as good as two; nay, better, since it stands more firmly. Arms were of course wanting, but the holes ready cut in the oval centre for the insertion of the bed-frame formed admirable sockets for two straight pieces of bamboo. At this stage Nuttia's treasure presented the appearance of a sign-post; but the passion of creation was on the child, and a few hours afterwards something comically, yet pitifully, like the Legacy herself stared back at her from that humble studio among the dirt heaps, — a shag of goat's hair glued on with prickly pear-juice, two lovely black eyes drawn with Mussumât Jewun's *khol* pencil, a few blue beads, a scanty petticoat and veil filched from the child's own garments.

Nuttia, inspired by the recollection of a tinsel-decorated bride in Big Bhāmaniwallah, called her creature Sirdar Begum on the spot. Then she hid her away in a tussock of tiger-grass beyond the thorn enclosures, and strove to go her evening rounds as though nothing had happened. Yet it was as if an angel from heaven had stepped down to take her by the hand. Henceforward she was never to be alone. All through the silent, sunny days, as she watched the big black buffaloes grazing on the muddy flats — for Nuttia was advanced to the dignity of a herd-girl by this time — Sirdar Begum was with her as guide,

counsellor, and friend. Whether the doll fared best with a heart's whole devotion poured out on her wooden head, or whether Nuttia's part in giving was more blessed, need not be considered; the result to both being a steady grin on a broad round face. But there was another result also: Nuttia began to develop a taste for pure virtue. Perhaps it was the necessity of posing before Sirdar Begum as infallible, joined to the desire of keeping that young person's conduct up to heroic pitch, which caused the sudden rise in principle. At all events the Legacy's cattle became renowned as steady milkers, and the amount of butter she managed to twirl out of the sour curds satisfied even Mussumât Jewun's demands; whereupon the other herds looked at her askance, and muttered an Indian equivalent of seven devils. Then the necessity for amusing the doll led Nuttia into lingering round the little knots of story-tellers who sat far on into the night, discoursing of *jins* and *ghouls*, of faithful lovers, virtuous maidens, and the beauties of holiness. Down on the edge of the big stream, with the water sliding by, Nuttia rehearsed all these wonders to her adored bed-leg until, falling in love with righteousness, she took to telling the truth.

It was a fatal mistake in a cattle-lifting district, and Bhāmaniwallah-khurd lay in the very centre of that maze of tamarisk jungle, quicksand, and stream, which forms the cattle-thief's best refuge. So Bahādur, and Jodha, and Boota, together with many another honest man made a steady income by levying blackmail on those who sought safety within their boundaries; and this without in any way endangering their own reputations. All that had to be done was to obliterate strange tracks by sending their own droves in the right direction, and thereafter to keep silence. And every baby in both Bhāmaniwallahs knew that hoof-prints were not a legitimate subject for conversation; all save Nuttia, and she—as luck would have it—was a herd-girl! They tried beating this sixth sense into her, but it was no use, and so whenever the silver-fringed turban, white cotton gloves, and clanking sword of the native inspector of police were expected in the village, they used to send the Legacy away to the back of beyond,—right away to the Luckimpura island maybe, to reach which she had to hold on to the biggest buffalo's tail, and so, with Sirdar Begum tied securely to its horns and her own little black head bobbing up and down in its wake, the trio

would cross the narrow stream and spread themselves out to dry on the hot sand. Nuttia took a great fancy to the island, and many a time when she might have driven the herds to nearer pastures, preferred the long, low stretches of Luckimpura where a flush of green lingered even in the droughts of April.

But even there on one very hot day scarcely a blade was to be found, and Nuttia, careful of her beasts and noting the lowness of the river, gathered them round her with the herdsman's cry and drove them to the further brink intending to take them across to a smaller island beyond. To her surprise they stood knee deep in the water immovable, impassive, noses in air, with long curled horns lying on their necks.

The Legacy shaded her eyes to see more clearly. Nothing was to be seen but the swift, shallow stream, the level sand, and gleams of water stretching away to the horizon. Something had frightened them—but what? She gave up the puzzle, and with Sirdar Begum bolt upright before her sat on a snag, dangling her feet over the stream for the sake of the cool air which seemed to rise from the river.

The buffaloes roamed restlessly about, disturbed doubtless by the clouds of flies. The sun beat down ineffectually on the doll's fuzzy head, but it pierced Nuttia's thick pate making her nod drowsily. Her voice recounting the thrilling adventures of brave Bhopalutchi died away into a sigh of sleep. So there was nothing left but the doll's wide, unwinking eyes to keep watch over the world.

What was that? Something cold, icy-cold! Nuttia woke with a start. One brown heel had touched the water; she looked down at it, then swiftly around her. The buffaloes huddled by the ford had ceased to graze, and a quiver of light greeted her glance at the purple horizon. She sprang to her feet and breaking off a root from the snag, held it to the dimpling water. The next instant a scared face looked at the horizon once more. The river was rising fast, rising as she had never seen it rise before. Yet in past years she had witnessed many a flood; floods that had swept away much of the arable land and driven the villagers to till new soil thrown up nearer the high bank. Ay! and driven many of them to seek new homes beside the new fields, until Bhāmaniwallah-khurd had dwindled away to a few houses, a very few, and these on that hot April day deserted for

the most part, since all the able-bodied men and women were away at the harvest. Even the herds had driven their cattle northwards, hoping to come in for some of the lively bustle of the fields. There were only Nuttia on the Luckimpura island and Mussumät Jewun, with her new baby and the old hag who nursed her, in the reed huts. All this came to the girl's memory as the long, low cry of the herd rose on the hot air, and with Sirdar Begum close clasped in her veil she drove the big buffalo Moti into the stream. How cold the water was; cold as the snows from which it came! The Legacy had not lived in the lap of the river for so long without learning something of its ways. She knew of the frost-bound sources whence it flowed, and of the disastrous floods which follow beneath a cloudless sky, on unusual heat or unusual rain in those mountain fastnesses. The coming storm, whose arch of cloud, shimmering with sheet-lightning, had crept beyond the line of purple haze, was nothing; that was not the nightmare of the river-folk.

She stood for a moment when dry land was reached, hesitating whether to strike straight for the high bank or make for the village lying a mile distant. Some vague instinct of showing Sirdar Begum she was not afraid, made her choose the latter course, though most of the herd refused to follow her decision and broke away. She collected her few remaining favorites, and with cheerful cries plunged into the tamarisk jungle. Here, shut out from sight, save of the yielding bushes, her thoughts went far afield. What if the old *nullah* between the reed huts and the rising ground were to fill? What if the low levels between that rising ground and the high bank were to flood? And every one beyond in the yellow corn, except Mai Jewun and people who did not count, babies, and old women, and the crippled girl in the far hut! Only herself and Sirdar Begum to be brave, for Mai Jewun was sick.

"Wake up! Wake up! Mai Jewun! the floods are out!" broke in on the new-born baby's wail as Nuttia's broad, scared face shut out the sunlight from the door.

"Go away, unlucky daughter of a bad mother," grumbled Jewun drowsily. "Dost wish to cast thy evil eye on my Heart's Delight? Go, I say."

"Yea! go!" grumbled the old nurse cracking her fingers. "Sure some devil posseseth thee to tell truth or lies at thy own pleasure."

But the crippled girl spinning in the far hut had heard the flying feet, caught the excited cry, and now, crawling on her knees to the door threw up her hands and shrieked aloud. The water stood ankle-deep among the tamarisk roots, and from its still pool tiny tongues licked their way along the dry sand.

"The flood! the flood!" The unavailing cry rang out as the women huddled together helplessly.

"Mai Jewun! there is time," came the Legacy's eager voice. "Put the baby down and help. I saw them do it at Luckimpura that time they took the cattle over the deep stream, and Bahâdur beat me for seeing it. Quick! quick!"

Simple enough, yet in its very simplicity lay their only chance of escape. A string-woven bed buoyed up with the bundles of reeds cut ready for rethatching, and on this frail raft four people — nay, five! for first of all with jealous care Nuttia placed her beloved Sirdar Begum in safety, wrapping her up in the clothes she discarded in favor of free nakedness.

Quick! quick! if the rising ground is to be gained and the levels beyond forded ere the water is too deep! Moti and a companion yoked by plough-ropes to the bed, wade knee-deep, hock-deep, into the stream, and now with the old, cheerful cry Nuttia, clinging to their tails and so guiding them, urges the beasts deeper still. The stream swirls past holding them with it, though they breast it bravely. A log, long stranded in some shallow, dances past, shaving the raft by an inch. Then an alligator, swept from its moorings and casting eyes on Nuttia's brown legs, makes the beasts plunge madly. A rope breaks, — the churned water sweeps over the women, — the end is near, — when another frantic struggle leaves Moti alone to her task. The high, childish voice calling on her favorite's courage rises again and again; but the others, cowed into silence, clutch together with hid faces, till a fresh plunge loosens their tongues once more. It is Moti finding foothold, and they are safe — so far.

"Quick! Mai Jewun," cries Nuttia, as her companions stand looking fearfully over the waste of shallows before them. She knows from the narrowness of the ridge they have reached that time is precious. We must wade while we can, saving Moti for the streams. Take up the baby, and I —"

Her hands, busy on the bed, stilled themselves, — her face grew grey, — she turned on them like a fury. "Sirdar Be-

gum! I put her there — where is Sirdar Begum?"

"That bed-leg!" shrilled the mother, tucking up her petticoats for greater freedom. "There was no room, and Heart's Delight was cold. Bah! wood floats."

"*Hull-lal-lal-a lalla la!*" The herdsman's cry was the only answer. Moti has faced the flood again, but this time with a light load, for the baby nestling amid Nut-tia's clothes is the only occupant of the frail raft.

"My son! My son! Light of mine eyes! Core of my heart! Come back! Come back!"

But the little black head drifting down stream behind the big one never turned from its set purpose. Wood floated, and so might babies. Why not?

Why not, indeed! But as a matter of fact Mai Jewun was right. A dilapidated bed-leg was picked up on a sandbank miles away when the floods subsided; and Moti joined the herd next day to chew the cud of her reflections contentedly. But the Village Legacy and Heart's Delight remained somewhere seeking for something. That something doubtless which had turned the bed-leg into Sirdar Begum.

From The Scottish Review.
ANCIENT TRADE.

THE political history of the ancient world, and the story of wars and conquests, is familiar to us, both through the works of early historians, and from the existing monuments of ancient civilized countries; but the history of ancient trade, and of the peaceful relations which bound together the various nations of Asia and of southern Europe, remains still to be written, although the materials for such a work are constantly accumulating. We are apt to regard the ancients as jealously guarding their own lands from foreigners, and as continually warring with their neighbors, and to forget that the merchant and the artist, by extended travels and by residence in other countries, bound together the various civilized races, even as early as 2500 B.C., almost as completely as in our own times.

Perhaps the earliest evidence of such peaceful trade and employment is to be found in the inscriptions of Wady el Maghârah (valley of the cave) in the Sinaitic desert. The mines in this country, from which the Egyptians obtained

mafek or turquoise — whence the region was called *Mafka* — were worked in the time of Senoferu, ninth king of the third dynasty, whose tablets still remain carved on the rocks; and copper is also believed to have been thence obtained. The date of this monarch is very uncertain. It has been placed as early as 3600 B.C.; but the method by which scholars endeavored to ascertain such dates is open to criticism, since it supposes an average reign of thirty years for each king, which seems much too long a period if we compare the average in later times, when the regnal years are exactly recorded. Senoferu, however, cannot have lived much later than 2500 B.C.

About the same time the great Akkadian conqueror, whose name is usually read as Gudea, had established his capital on the lower Tigris, and had conquered northern Syria, whence he took cedar wood for the building of his temples. He states, in an inscription recently discovered at Tell Loh, that the diorite in which his statues were hewn came from *Ma-gan-na* "the land of the wall;" and the evidence of other texts shows clearly that the country so called was Sinai. The term answers to the Hebrew Shur "the wall;" and in addition to this statement geologists assure us that the material used for the statues is the same diorite found in the Sinaitic peninsula. At this very early period, therefore, the Egyptian and the Mongol Akkadian appear to have met, in the Sinaitic region, in times of peace, and the stone from the quarries was transported over the distance of twelve hundred miles eastwards to the Tigris.

The wealth and advanced civilization, of which we have such early evidence, were not lost in succeeding times; and as early as about 1700 B.C. the Semitic peoples appear as traders, connecting the valley of the Euphrates with that of the Nile. When Thothmes III. invaded Syria he found the Phœnicians already famous for the graven metal work, which was so highly prized by the Greeks, at the time when the Homeric poems were penned. Egyptian pictures represent their presents of vases and urns, elegant in the forms of their repoussé workmanship, and made of silver, gold, and bronze. The list of spoils and of tribute from Palestine, Syria, and Assyria, astonishes us by its enumeration of precious objects, taken from Hittites and Syrians as well as from Nineveh. The chariots of the conquered tribes were plated with silver and gold, and, in addition to wine, oil, wheat, and

fruits, statues were found made of precious metals; and precious stones—blue and green—are mentioned, with staves of ivory, ebony, and cedar, inlaid with gold, tables of cedar adorned with gold and with gems, and thrones of which the footstools were made of ivory and cedar. The armor, also, was inlaid with gold, and agate chests are enumerated, with copper chariots. Some of the chariots in Phœnicia were painted. Alabaster and lead, with incense, balsam, sweet oil, and precious woods, came from the same region. From Cyprus were brought bricks of lead, with blue-stone and elephant's tusks, and the vases were carved in fanciful designs, with the heads of goats, lions, bulls, and eagles. Iron spears are noticed, with battle-axes of flint. The Hittites sent negro slaves, showing how early the slave trade must have been organized; and the Phœnicians are represented leading little yellow children, who were perhaps brought from Armenia or the Caucasus. Lead, gold, and silver, with precious stones, came also from Naharaim or northern Mesopotamia, with ornamented collars of leather. It is remarkable that both iron (*bersil*) and the chariot (*marcabah*) were known to the Egyptians by their Hebrew or Assyrian names, showing apparently that they were first obtained from a Semitic people, and the same remarks applies to the horse (*sus*) which was not known in Egypt before the conquests of the eighteenth dynasty in western Asia.

Even before the time of the great Thothmes the Egyptians had a fleet in the Red Sea. His famous elder sister, Hatasu (or as others prefer to read the name Hashop), sent her ambassadors far south to Punt, which seems to have been the present Somali land, where they landed on the coast of the "incense mountain cut in terraces" near Cape Gardafui. The natives presented incense-trees, which were brought to Egypt planted in tubs, together with resin and ebony, ivory objects inlaid with gold, kohel for the eyes, dog-headed apes, long-tailed monkeys, greyhounds, and leopard skins. The natives from whom these gifts were obtained appear, on the bas-reliefs, to have been of the great Bantu stock, with features resembling those of the Caffre rather than the negro. The manna, which was used in Egypt for incense, appears to have come from Sinai or from further south, and retained the same name by which it was known to the Hebrews.

These embassies and presents continued to pour in from north and south alike

in the sixteenth century B.C., and down to the time of the revolt of Canaan, about 1450 B.C., from the weak rule of Khu-en-aten. The Hittite Prince Tarkondara, sent copper (or bronze) and precious stones from the region near Palmyra. Even from Babylonia gold was sent in quantities, with stone vases and rare trees and vessels of bronze. Tin was very early known to the Akkadians of Chaldea, as we learn from the well-known bilingual text, in which it is said to have been mingled with copper to produce bronze; but it is remarkable how tentatively this result was attained, as shown by the recent analysis of bronze objects of various dates. As late as the time of the sixth dynasty it would appear to have been unknown in Egypt, where only pure copper was used. In the time of the twelfth dynasty only five per cent. of tin occurs in the bronze, whereas, under the eighteenth, the metal—perhaps obtained from the Phœnicians—was made with six or seven per cent. of tin. In the same way the earliest Akkadians used pure copper, but in the days of Sargon (700 B.C.) ten per cent. of tin was added. So also Dr. Schliemann discovered tools and weapons, ranging from the copper pins and nails of the earliest period to the bronze battle-axes of later days, which show nine per cent. of tin. Thus, if antiquaries insist on a Bronze Age they must also allow for one of copper; but in reality such an attempt to arrange a chronology founded on the use of the metals fails entirely when it is applied to a large area of the ancient world, wherein various races were living contemporaneously in very various stages of civilization. Recent discoveries in the south-east of Spain have revealed a period when bronze was little known and when no iron was in use, but when, in chambers of hewn stone, the dead were buried in pottery jars, and adorned with beads of ivory, with bracelets of copper, rings of silver, and coronets of gold. Axes and arrow-heads alike were made of copper by those early Spaniards, as were their knives and awls and daggers. The copper was probably hardened in oil, but the bronze brought by Phœnician traders is rarely found.* The people whose early and rude civilization has thus been illustrated in the Far West, were entirely illiterate, but it is not necessary to suppose that such remains belong to a very early date—the historic ages in Asia reach

* MM. Henri et Louis Siret's "Les Premières Âges du Métal dans le Sud Est de l'Espagne." See Miss Buckland's paper, *Archæolog. Rev.*, No. 4, 1883.

back further than the pre-historic in savage Europe.

The Egyptians had ships in the Mediterranean as well as on the Red Sea coast. About 1300 B.C. the rude Aryan tribes — Thracians, Achæans, Lycians, Sardinians, and others — attacked Mineptah II., being leagued with the blue-eyed Libyans from the west, whose descendants still maintain their fair complexion, and who appear to have been early Celtic settlers in Africa. They were defeated, but the attack was renewed a century later against Rameses III., and was by sea. They were then opposed by Egyptian fleets of "ships of war, merchantmen boats and skiffs," and after the annihilation of this second expedition the Egyptian fleet advanced to Cyprus, where many of the chief cities were taken. An Egyptian ship is described as being one hundred cubits long, and some of them were armed with beaks or rams. Even at the earlier period (1300 B.C.) there was a maritime trade between Egypt and northern Syria, for Mineptah II. speaks of certain Pitishu "whom I allowed to take away wheat in ships to save the lives of the Hittite people."

The intercourse of the Egyptians with the Semitic peoples of Syria dates back to the early days of the Hyksos, whom some regard as having been themselves Semitic. The well-known picture at Beni Hassan, dating from the times of the twelfth dynasty, gives evidence of the feeble beginnings of this trade even earlier than the times of the Hyksos. A tribe of Semitic people, called Amu, bring Kohel, and an ibex such as is found in Sinai, coming from the country of the Pitishu. They are armed with bows, clubs, and spears, the men bearded, the women in curiously flounced garments, the children carried on asses, and one strikes a lyre of ancient form with the plectrum. These relations were, however, broken when the "Syrian shepherds" were driven from the delta by the Nubian kings of the eighteenth dynasty, although renewed later when the succeeding kings of the same race married Armenian princesses. By the time of Rameses II. the Semitic population had become so numerous in Egypt that many Semitic words crept into the Egyptian language, and Semitic gods found a place in the Egyptian pantheon. Yet, later in the troublous times which succeeded the final loss of the Asiatic conquests, a Phœnician named Arisu or Haris even sat upon the throne of lower Egypt for a time, and cruelly oppressed

the native race. Of him Rameses III. records the impiety and final overthrow, yet the Phœnician trade with Egypt continued till much later times, and these sailors were employed in 600 B.C. by Necho, to circumnavigate Africa, which, as Herodotus tells us, they successfully achieved.

The early exploration of the Mediterranean was mainly due to Phœnician traders, who penetrated first to Cyprus and the Greek islands from Sidon, and established colonies throughout this archipelago and in the Morea, as well as at Thasos, Lemnos, and far north at Sesamos and Sinope on the Black Sea. They found copper in Cyprus, gold at Thasos, and silver in Siphæos and Cimolus. The earliest colonies at Citium are thought to have been founded between the seventeenth and fourteenth centuries B.C., and the trade with Greece dated back to at least 1200 B.C. Southern Italy is also said to have been reached by the Sidonians, who established themselves at Temesa, Medama, and other seaside towns. The men of Gebal, north of Sidon, founded Golgos, in the north of Cyprus, and went as far west as Melos, near the Morea; but the discovery of the western Mediterranean was due to the Tyrians, who, in the ninth century B.C., reached Sicily, and founded Carthage. The colonies in Sardinia, Spain, and the Balearic Isles were Carthaginian, and it is doubtful whether any of these bold mariners had gone west of Malta before the great city of the Tunis promontory was built.

The Greeks soon learned maritime arts from their Phœnician teachers, and had their own navies on the Mediterranean as early at least as 700 B.C., and very probably even before 1200 B.C.* The Dorians conquered Phœnician colonists in Rhodes, Melos, and Thera, and in 734 B.C. there were Greek colonies in Sicily side by side with those of the Tyrians.† Before Hannibal's time the Phœnicians had a temple in Marseilles, and at the mouth of the Po they received amber from the shores of the Baltic, brought by caravans through Germany. Their discovery of the Tin Islands must have occurred earlier than 400 B.C., for the Cassiterides were dimly known to Herodotus; and nearly as early, in the fourth century B.C., Pytheas of Mar-

* That the Greeks were the first Aryan sailors is clearly indicated by the fact that other ancient Aryans adopted Greek words for all sorts of nautical and shipping terms.

† Brunet de Presles *Recherches sur les Grecs en Sicile*. Paris, 1845, p. 71.

seilles (according to Strabo and Pliny) had followed the north coasts of Europe beyond the Rhine, and is believed to have entered the Baltic. About 500 B.C. also, Hanno passed the Pillars of Hercules, and reached the Canaries and coasted far south beyond Cape Palmas. All these early voyages of Greeks and Phœnicians were due to a knowledge of astronomy, which enabled them to sail by the pole-star, and though they never ventured far from the coasts they made a steady rate of about one hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, sailing when possible and rowing when obliged.

The Carthaginian trade continued until the fall of the city in 146 B.C., although many of the colonies were then already lost. The Romans and the Arabs succeeded to the commerce of their great predecessors, but even in Roman times many of the traders may have been of Semitic race. Spain was the richest of the colonies, and the mining operations of the Carthaginians are described by Diodorus Siculus as pursued in the latest times of the Phœnician domination in this region. Gold and tin were only found in small quantities, but silver was abundant and of good quality. The traders are said to have found the natives using this metal for their commonest drinking vessels, which accords with the unexpected discovery of silver in the Spanish tombs already mentioned. The veins were numerous and often of great depths, and iron and copper of inferior quality were also obtained. Lead was plentiful and was mixed with silver in the ores. This compound, called *galena* by the ancients, was smelted, and the gold was obtained by washing. Diodorus says that shafts were sunk to a depth of half a mile (which is perhaps an exaggeration), and the galleries followed the veins, piercing through or working round the faults of trap rock. These mines were cased with wood, but at times collapsed, or were flooded by the subterranean springs, which were drained off, or the water pumped out by the "screw of Archimedes." The pounded ores were melted in white clay crucibles, and purified by pouring from one such receiver to another when liquid. The labors of slaves were used in such mines by Carthaginians and Romans alike.

The African trade was of another character (Scylax Periplus, § 112). Ointment and Egyptian vessels, pottery from Africa, and wine, were the cargo brought to the natives of Senegal, from whom in turn the Phœnicians received ivory and ele-

phants' hides, and skins of antelopes, lions, and panthers, and fleeces. The ships anchored at Cerne (apparently near or at the Canaries), and the wares were landed in small boats. Hanno also brought home to Carthage from these shores the skins of gorillas, which he regarded as human but untamable savages. The influence of Carthage is monumentally shown in these regions by the existence of an alphabet of Phœnician origin in the Canaries, and on the coins of Spain down to the third century of the Christian era.

The home trade of Tyre itself was mainly in works of art and in fabrics. The Phœnician bowls, of which many still exist in museums, were highly prized by the Greeks, as were the woven cloths dyed with the famous purple of the murex. This shell is still found in the bays of the Syrian coast, after storms, as far south at least as Mount Carmel. The fishers used ozier baskets with cork floats, baited with mussels and frogs. The smaller shells were crushed, but the finer ones were bored, and the coloring matter in its sac was extracted unharmed. The fluid was boiled with salt in a leaden vessel, and the color obtained varied from yellow and green to red and true purple. Dyeing is still a trade in Sidon, and was a very usual occupation of the mediæval Jews, but the art of preparing the "twice dipped" robes, the "color of black roses," which the Romans admired, seems to have been lost in early times.

The Tyrians were highly prosperous in the days immediately preceding the Babylonian invasion, and the wide range of their commerce is evidenced by the well-known passage in Ezekiel (ch. xxvii.) about that time. The prophet describes the cedar or fir wood masts, and oars of Bashan oak, the benches of boxwood and ivory, the linen sails with Egyptian embroidery, of the galleys which crowded the Tyrian harbors; and speaks of the purple awnings, and the rowers from Sidon and Arvad. The hired troops were from Persia and Lydia, and the garrison from Arvad, with the Caucasian Gammarim. From Tarsus, on the north, the traders brought silver and iron, tin and lead; the Ionians, Tabalians, and Moschians from the same ports traded in slaves. The Armenians brought horses and mules, and from Dedan and the islands of the Persian Gulf came Indian ivory and ebony. From Syria itself the merchants brought precious stones and purple stuffs, linen, coral, and rubies. From Judea came wheat, honey, oil, and balm. Damascus sent its fabrics; with

wine from Hermon, and white wool. Iron, cassia, and the calamus or Indian cane, could be bought in Tyre, and far south from Arabia came flocks and herds. From Yemen were brought spices, with gold and gems. From Assyria choice stuffs in chests. The trade routes of the ancient world poured all their choicest products into the little island town, whence ships distributed them over all the western colonies, before Alexandria was founded and became a ruinous rival. Thus by about 500 B.C. the Phœnician commerce linked Britain with India, and western Africa with the Scythian shores.

Among all these products of Semitic trade, perhaps the most interesting are ivory and tin. The question still remains to be finally settled as to what were the original sources whence both these precious substances were obtained. As regards ivory there appears to have been a double source, the Egyptians and Carthaginians using African ivory, while the Assyrians and Phœnicians obtained it also from India. The Carthaginians appear to have tamed the African elephant—a feat now regarded as impossible. On the other hand, Thothmes III. encountered a herd of one hundred and twenty elephants in Mesopotamia, and shows an elephant as part of his Asiatic spoils. Possibly the Assyrians may even at that early period have obtained elephants from India. The Persians used them at Arbela, and the Greeks brought them to Palestine, as Pyrrhus (unless, indeed, his elephants were African) did to Italy. But the range of the Asiatic elephant may have been wider in early times than it now is, for it survived with the rhinoceros in Honan down to 600 B.C. The elephant is correctly represented on the black obelisk of Shalmanezar II. (860–825 B.C.) with the rhinoceros; and other Bactrian and Indian animals (notably monkeys) occur on Assyrian bas-reliefs. The Phœnicians, as we have seen, obtained ivory from the Persian Gulf. In Nineveh, on the other hand, an ivory object carved in Egypt has been found, which is no doubt of African material. The word used both in Assyrian and in Hebrew for the elephant is *habba*, which survives to the present day in the vernacular of the Malabar Coast and of Ceylon, as the name of the Indian elephant. This is usually regarded as conclusively showing that Solomon must have traded with India; but the curious fact remains that the Egyptian name of the elephant is *ab* or *abu*, which appears to be the same word. In like manner the Hebrew word

for the apes, which Solomon's traders brought from the East, is *koph*, which has been compared with the Tamil name for the monkey. It occurs also in Sanskrit as *kaphi*, and was adopted by the Greeks as *κῆπος*, *κῆβος* or *κείβος*, and by the Latins as *cepus*; but here also we are confronted by the fact that the Egyptian word for ape is similar. Possibly the African elephant was not known till later times in Egypt, and hence received an Asiatic name, as did the horse and the camel. To the Assyrians both the two humped Bactrian, and the single humped Arab camel were well known, and the former may have already been used by traders in Asia Minor, where it still is found.* It is, however, not impossible that ivory and apes, in Solomon's time, may have come from Somali land, and not from India.

With regard to tin, the metal is not of common occurrence, and in the early Akkadian period it was not to be obtained from either the Tin Islands or from eastern India, while the supply from Spain would be equally impossible, even if it had once abounded there, of which we have no evidence. Tin is said to occur in the Caucasus, and is found in the Altai Mountains. One of these ranges is the probable source of the tin, which was already used about 2000 B.C. or earlier; and this agrees with the passage in Ezekiel, already noticed, which speaks of a trade in tin through Tarsus, whither it was brought by the tribes from the Caucasus.

One of the remarkable results of such study of ancient trade is its bearing on the usual European theory of ages distinguished by the use of various metals. According to Morlot's calculations the Bronze Age extended from about 1000 B.C. to 2400 B.C., which is the end of the Stone Age for European students of prehistoric times. The age of iron, according to this view, is not to be carried back beyond 1000 B.C., and an age of copper is entirely omitted. Such distinction recalls rather the theories of Hesiod than the voice of serious scholarship. We have seen that bronze was already known very early, but that pure copper was previously used in both Asia and Europe, and that iron was certainly worked by the Asiatics before 1600 B.C. The time at which various metals came into use differed in

* The name of the camel is usually regarded as a Semitic word, but is not derivable from any appropriate root. More probably it is of Akkadian—that is Mongolic—derivation, from the root *gam* "to bend" with the termination *ti* for "beast," thus signifying "the beast with a hump."

different countries, according to the distribution of the natural supply, and to the acquaintance of natives with foreign traders. The Akkadians knew iron very early, and it is in their language denoted by two signs, which may be read *dimmirsa*, equivalent to the Turko-Mongol *timirti*, which is still a word in living dialects as the name of the metal. Iron was known by its Semitic name to the Egyptians in 1360 B.C., and in 1200 B.C. in pictures of the time of Rameses III. the metal is represented of a bluish color on the monuments. Iron mines in the Egyptian deserts are said to have been worked, but it was to Asiatics that the Egyptians seem to have owed their first acquaintance with that metal.

The ancients credited the Phœnicians with the discovery of glass making, and beautiful tear bottles of glass are often found in Phœnician tombs; but here the Egyptians probably claim priority, for the Beni Hassan pictures represent glass-blowing in the time of the twelfth dynasty, and some even of the glass found in Phœnicia seems to have come from Egypt, bearing the name of Thothmes III. in hieroglyphic characters.

With exception of iron the Egyptian names for metals do not seem to be of foreign origin. For gold the commonest words are *nub* and *sani*, though *ketem* also occurs, which is Semitic, but this is at a later period. Silver was called "white gold," *het nub*, which seems to indicate that it was only known later. Copper is *khomt*. Lead is *nes* in the ore or block, and *thet* or *tehet*. These metals therefore appear to have been independently discovered, and were not brought by traders from Asia. It is also remarkable that the Turanian, Aryan, and Semitic races had their own names for the various metals known to the ancients, and that with the possible exception of tin and gold (as shown by the Greek words for the metals), they do not appear to have derived their first knowledge of any of these articles of trade from one another. Indeed, it is remarkable how little influence the Phœnician and Assyrian languages had on those of their neighbors, for although many Greek words are foreign, and seem to be non-Aryan, very few of these are derivable from Semitic sources.

The Turanians or Mongols — represented by the Akkadians — were civilized long before the Semitic tribes began to settle down to agriculture and to trading pursuits. They had their own words for all the metals — *kin* or *guskin* (the Tartar

kin) for "gold;" *dimirsa* for iron; *anna* for tin (the Hungarian *on*); *urud* for copper (Basque *uraida*), *asag* for silver, *abar* (if correctly transcribed) for lead, and *sa-bar* for bronze — as at present transliterated. The language of Assyrians and Babylonians, and even of Hebrews and Phœnicians, borrowed many words from the older Akkadian, to denote civilized ideas, but the Akkadians had little or nothing to learn from the Semitic peoples, and such evidences as may be derived from philology, in the case of the Greeks, and of Asiatic vocabularies of the early Aryan tribes, seem rather to point to a trade with the Akkadians, as the first civilizing influence encountered by the barbarians of Thrace and of Ionia, than to the exclusive teaching of Arameans or Phœnicians.

Our ideas as to the birth of civilized customs among the Aryans in pre-historic times — for Aryan history begins some two thousand years later than that of the great races of Asia and Africa — are based mainly on the evidence of comparative philology; and special attention has been given by scholars to the subject of Aryan names for metals, and for other articles of trade, from which we may endeavor to discern the influences which were first brought to bear upon the various Aryan peoples. The results have been summarized in an interesting manner by Dr. O. Schrader,* although a more intimate acquaintance with Akkadian might perhaps have assisted him in some points of his subject.

Although it is believed that the earliest Aryans, before they spread from the Volga over Europe, had some knowledge of copper, yet the value of the metals was learned by the Mediterranean races from the older civilized peoples of Asia, and was by them transmitted to the peoples whom they conquered, or with whom they traded in the North. The term "bronze age" of Europe beyond the Alps, is indeed a complete misnomer, for bronze appears in such regions suddenly developed in its latest proportions, and was obtained by trade with Phœnicians, Etruscans, and Romans. Its gradual perfecting, already noticed, can only be traced in Egypt and Chaldea, where the value of the alloy was first discovered. Indeed it would appear that iron may have been used by the eastern Europeans before bronze, although this was not the case in Italy. The re-

* See Pre-historic Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples. English translation: London, 1890.

cent discovery of the history of bronze may profoundly affect the question of the antiquity of pre-historic remains among Celtic and Teutonic races. The earliest native culture of Aryans is believed to be represented by the lake dwellings of Switzerland and Umbria, and here, while iron and bronze are alike unknown, and stone extensively used for weapons, pure copper is found employed for daggers, fish-hooks, arrow-heads, hammers, and axes. Some have supposed the existence of jade in these early settlements to betoken a trade with central Asia, but jade is also found native in Europe, and the material is distributed over all parts of the earth's surface.

The value of gold appears to have been taught to the early Greeks by a Semitic race, for the common word χρῶς is generally accepted as being the *khurasu* of the Assyrians. The Hebrews generally used another word (*zahab*), but the Phœnicians called gold *kharas*, and the gold mines of Thasos were Phœnician. The Aryans nevertheless had a native word for gold as the "yellow metal," which is recognizable in the Phrygian γλourός and in Teutonic and other languages. The western Aryans very generally adopted the Latin name, which meant the "glowing metal," and this may have been due to the fact that Imperial Rome, while allowing its subjects to coin copper, and even silver in the case of favored cities, reserved the gold coinage as the currency of the Empire, stamped only at the Capital. The Armenian Aryans appear to have adopted the old Akkadian word. The Finns took the German name for gold, and the Phœnicians in this instance influenced none save the Greeks. Gold was found in many parts of Europe, but its value was apparently little regarded, until civilization penetrated from Asia, and from Italy towards the north.

For silver in like manner the names were numerous, but not derived from a Semitic source. The Ossetes, or Aryans of the Caucasus, seem to have taken an Akkadian name for the metal. The Akkadians called it *asag*, whence may be derived the Siberian words *ezis* or *azves*, and the Hungarian *ezüst*, which in Ossetic becomes *avzist*. Other Aryans in Asia used a word meaning the "white metal," and western Aryans had their own term of like significance. Armenia itself was rich in silver, but in Teutonic countries it was little known, save when imported, as Tacitus describes.

Copper in later times was called the

"Cyprian ore," as being brought by the Phœnicians from Cyprus, but its common Semitic name was never used by Aryans. The old term *raudus* in Latin, has been thought to mean the "red metal," but is very similar to the Akkadian *urud* and Basque *urraida*, which would favor the supposition that a trade with Asiatic Mongols preceded the Aryan trade with Phœnicia. There is much confusion in all the terms which denote copper and bronze, and the reason is clearly discoverable in the fact of the late and gradual evolution of the alloy.

As regards iron, the metal was known at least as early as 500 B.C. among the Scythians, and the inhabitants of Asia Minor were famous as miners of iron. Jeremiah (xv. 12) also speaks of iron coming from the north, but it does not appear that either the Semitic or Akkadian name for the metal was adopted by Aryans. In the north of Europe it was little known in early Roman times, but it has been found at Troy in ruins perhaps as old as the sixth century B.C. Tin and lead were sometimes confused by the ancients, though a knowledge of lead is shown by the same Trojan remains; tin was probably an Akkadian discovery, and the Akkadian name of the metal was known to Greeks and Armenians, as well as the Semitic term which was also borrowed from Akkadian. Thus on the one hand we have the Greek *ἱάvor*, which may be comparable with the Akkadian *anna* or *annag* for "tin," found also in the Armenian *anag* and Hungarian *on*; while on the other hand the Greek *κασσίτερος*, widely spread in Slavonic languages and found in Sanscrit, appears to be the Assyrian *kasatirra*, from the Akkadian *ikasduru*. The Cassiterides were thus named perhaps by the Phœnicians themselves, but the old Akkadian name for tin was given to lead among the Hebrews, for tin was not found in any quantity in the mines of Syria.

Such an examination of the relations with the Aryans seems therefore to show that the Egyptians did not trade with them at all, but received only Phœnician traders and knew their words for iron and gold; that the same hardy race brought gold and tin to Greece, but that an overland traffic with the East may have existed quite as early, which brought the Akkadian name of tin to Armenians and Greeks; that the Latins on the other hand had their own names for all the metals, and taught their use to northern tribes; that iron was an export of Asia Minor and Greece, exchanged for Cyprian copper;

and that silver, though first shown to the Scythians and Caucasians by Akkadians, was independently known in Europe. The Phœnician trade was a barter of art objects and woven stuffs, in exchange for the raw products of savage Aryan lands; but the Phœnicians were not the only Asiatic merchants with whom the Greeks and Scythians came in contact.

Turning our eyes to the East we next must seek to understand Assyrian trade. For although the early Assyrians were robbers, who carried away to their homes the riches of all surrounding countries, still there is evidence that they also had peaceful relations with their neighbors, along routes already explored by the civilized Mongolic population called Akkadian, who preceded them. Cappadocian texts, in an Assyrian dialect, seems to refer very early to such trade, and Herodotus (i. 1) represents the Phœnicians as bringing to Argos both Egyptian and Assyrian merchandise. The slave trade was no doubt a source of revenue to Assyrians, as well as to Hittites and Phœnicians, and many slaves were kidnapped, or were taken captives in war, although the rude peoples of Asia Minor sold their own children, as did also the Thracians according to the father of history (v. 6). At what period the Assyrians first came into direct relation with the tribes of the Indus valley is unknown, but certainly, as we have seen, they knew the Bactrian hounds, the elephant and the rhinoceros, in the ninth century B.C., while not impossibly the elephant had been imported as early as 1600 B.C. Teak from India is said to have been found in Assyrian palaces, but this would not give earlier evidence than that already noticed. The monkeys, pictured on the obelisk already mentioned, are apparently Indian, and were evidently unfamiliar, for they receive the name of *udumi* or "human beings."

In this connection the question whether silk was known as early as the time of Ezekiel, and whether the Sinites of Isaiah were dwellers on the borders of China, are important. F. Lenormant maintained that the Babylonians traded, not only to India but also to Little Thibet, while their routes also led to Armenia and Lydia, to Bactria and the Iaxartes (Manuel i. 496; ii. 203). It is at least clear that an overland trade existed from early days with Ionia, for the Assyrian standard of weight found its way thither as well as the Phœnician; but the evidence of eastern commerce from Nineveh is at present less conclusive. The Hebrew word rendered silk in the Author-

ized Version (Ezekiel, xvi. 10-13) appears to have been understood by Jerome as meaning some sort of gauze. The Greek gives *τρίσαντρον*, which Hesychius renders "the web of the bombyx," but the exact meaning of the word [*meshe*] is doubtful. The Roman knowledge of silk may be mentioned later.

Of the Babylonian home trade during the Persian period we have very complete information through the recovery of twenty-five hundred contract tablets of various ages, now in the British Museum. Most of them range from the time of Cyrus down to that of Artaxerxes I. (442 B.C.), but some are earlier. They are written in cuneiform, but docketed at times in Phœnician letters of the period, and some of the names suggest that the merchants and money-lenders were Jews. From these tablets we learn that houses fetched an annual rent of £2 to £4 of our money, and that the price of a ship was from £30 to £50. Female slaves ranged from £7 to £15, which is about the same price now paid in Egypt; and male slaves were sold for £5 or £10. These slaves were natives of the country, if we may judge by their names, and even daughters were so sold, as among the peasantry of Judea in the time of Nehemiah. Agreements for the transfer of property occur in this collection, and are believed to be as old as 2500 B.C.; and others of great antiquity refer to the loan of corn for seed. Usury was an early institution in Chaldea, and fifteen per cent. interest was only accepted as a special favor, the more general demand being for thirty or forty per cent. A field and plantation of palms sold for £140. Purple cloth for dresses is mentioned before the time of Cyrus. Women as well as men contracted for the sale of property and of slaves; and slaves were hired out and apprenticed for their master's benefit.

By the light of such enquiry into the relations of ancient nations we are better able to understand the conditions of Hebrew trade. It is a mark, perhaps, of the antiquity of the story of Joseph, that the exports carried by the Midianite caravan to Egypt, as therein described, are products of Syria itself, and not the Indian canes and gums and ivory which Ezekiel mentions later. It has also been noticed that in the law, copper is mentioned eighty-three times to four notices of iron; and this indicates also an early period, since iron was known at least in the fourteenth century B.C. in Egypt, at which time also Jabin had iron chariots. Iron was regarded as unholy (Deut. xxvii. 5),

no doubt because of its use in war, and the word occurs more frequently in the later books of the Old Testament. A new word is also there used (Nah. ii. 4) in describing the iron war chariots, and the Chaldee term in Daniel shows a dialectic variation from the older form in the Pentateuch (Dan. ii. 33; iv. 20; vii. 7.) of the Semitic name of iron.

The trade of Solomon's time has been already mentioned, with the Indian words for ivory, apes, and peacocks, which his sailors brought home; and we have seen that Assyrian overland trade with India may perhaps date back several centuries earlier than Solomon's time, and was certainly established not much later. On the other hand there is little reason to believe that Spain had been discovered so early, or that Tarshish is to be identified with the Spanish Tartessus. Tarshish is always noticed in connection with Asia Minor, and Tarsus was a seaport as late as 30 B.C. It is also very generally recognized that Ophir was not in India, but as distinctly stated in Genesis (x. 59) is to be placed in Arabia near Hadramaut. The Indian objects might be there obtained from Arab or Babylonian traders, already coasting from the Persian Gulf to the Indus, just as in later times ivory was brought to Tyre by the inhabitants of the same region. The Biblical account, however (1 Kings, x. 11), speaks only of gold, incense trees, and precious stones as coming from Ophir, and (verse 22) of gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks, as brought by the "navy of Tarshish." Some have suggested that these were African exports found in Spain, but the nomenclature of the far West, even if then known, is not likely to have been the same as that of India, for the words are not Hebrew or Phœnician, but Tamil or Sanskrit terms. The parallel passage in Chronicles (2 Chron. xx. 36) shows that the later author regarded the trade as being with the East; and perhaps the most probable view is that from Tarsus, the Phœnicians and Hebrews obtained the products of the overland route through Assyria and Asia Minor.

The whole of this great commerce in Asia was carried on for many centuries without the use of stamped coins. Only about 700 B.C. at earliest, did coinage begin roughly to be represented by lumps of gold and silver alloy, stamped on one side; and though coins occur in Babylon shortly before Cyrus, it was the Persian *daric* which was the first currency of an Asiatic empire. In the Bible coins are not noticed

till after the captivity, when the *daric* is mentioned. The earliest forms of barter with metal, mentioned in texts or shown in pictures, were rings and bars of gold and silver, or bricks of lead. The Carthaginians had leather coins, but this was in later days, when the Greek coinage was already perfected. The Assyrians, Hittites, and others had, however, standard weights, and so had the Hebrews in the times of their earlier kings. Only last year standard weights were found, for the first time, in Palestine, inscribed with ancient Hebrew letters. These were quarter shekels weighing eighty grains, and thus proving that the Hebrew and Assyrian standards, and that used by the Greeks at Naucratis in the sixth century B.C., were the same, namely, a shekel of three hundred and twenty grains, which, as a silver coin, would have been worth about three shillings and sixpence. We are thus able to discover the value of chariots and horses in Solomon's time (1 Kings, x. 29), when Hebrew merchants were bringing them from Egypt to Palestine, and to the Hittites and Syrian princes. A chariot horse cost £25, and a chariot an hundred guineas. In our own times such a price is rather high in Syria for a well bred Arab hackney.

The trading conditions of the ancient world were very little affected by the success of the Persians. The Phœnicians still flourished, and the road to India was not closed, but rather made safer by the conquest of intervening regions. The two events which revolutionized the conditions of commerce were the foundation of Alexandria, replacing the older Greek settlement of Naucratis, and the fall of Carthage, which transferred the Mediterranean trade to the Romans, who soon became masters of all the routes, after defeating the pirate fleets of Mithridates. Antioch also arose at the same time, and became the great emporium of the overland route; but under Roman rule Alexandria enjoyed a monopoly down to the time of Hadrian, who put an end to it in the second century A.D.; after which the highway was restored to Syria, and Palmyra attained to its highest prosperity, during the period when Rome was at peace with the early Sassanid monarchs of Persia, whose strong rule restored tranquillity on the great Indian highway.

The discovery of the monsoons made the fortune of the Alexandrians. About 50 A.D. Hippalus, the commander of a ship engaged in Indian trade, ventured, instead of coasting along the southern

shores of Asia, to steer direct before the steady eastern wind, which experience taught him would serve his purpose, to Musiris on the Malabar coast, and his name was given afterwards to the wind he trusted. The route then established led by Coptos, in Upper Egypt, across the deserts to Berenice, near Kosseir, and by 100 A.D. Dion Chrysostom notices the presence of Indians (probably Buddhists) in Alexandria, side by side with Italians, Bactrians, Persians, and Scythians. The Jews had their ghetto in this cosmopolitan city from Alexander's time, and were scattered all over western Asia, Africa, and Europe as traders. India was not unknown to the Romans, and Indian embassies were sent to Augustus, Claudius, and later emperors, down to Justinian's time.* Not only was the history of Buddha known to Jerome, but the customs of Brahmins and Sramans were familiar to earlier Christian fathers. Clement of Alexandria (Strom. iii. 1) knew much about them; Porphyry speaks of the Buddhist tonsure and monastic life; Irenæus (Lib. iii.), even in Gaul, had heard of the Brahmins; and Clement of the topes in which Buddha's relics were adored. But it was not only India from which the Alexandrians derived their wealth. The caravans came down the Syrian coast, and at Gaza met the merchants who travelled west from Petra, and brought the products of Arabia to Egypt. The Arabs, in the second century A.D., had sailed far south of Zanzibar to the Zambesi, and brought gold from its upper waters, leaving stone towns in Manica land, which later Portuguese found in ruins, and which Englishmen have recently photographed. The Romans levied tolls in the Red Sea, and Yemen was then famous for its wealth of gold and frankincense, its ivory and silver plate. The luxury of Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome, in and after the Augustan age, is almost unbelievable; and Roman geographical knowledge extended far beyond the east of India, through Turkistan and Thibet, to the borders of China. Virgil had already heard not only of Indian cotton, but also of the Seres, combing silk, as he believed, from the leaves of trees. The Chinese trade, which became more fully developed in Byzantine times, had already been founded in the Augustan period of peace.

On the west, also, through Gaul, the Romans brought their exports from Britain, and British trade across the Channel

was older than Cæsar's invasion of Kent. Diodorus Siculus speaks of the route which led to Marseilles and Narbo (v. 22), and Cæsar found the merchants crossing from Dover and Deal. The exports, in Strabo's time, were of gold, iron, and silver, with cattle and dogs, fleeces and skins; the imports included pottery and salt, bronze implements, and cooking utensils, ivory and amber cups, drinking vessels, and gold chains, with bridles for horses. Such was the early British trade with Italy and Gaul.

Antiquaries once believed that China was early in communication with Egypt, on account of certain Chinese snuff-bottles found in Egyptian tombs. This assertion is still often made, but it has been shown to be fallacious through the researches of sinologists. Similar bottles were found by Layard and Cesnola at Arban and in Cyprus, but the writing upon them is not only in a late character but also consists of quotations from Chinese poetry of known date; and other examples have been discovered in Canton dating from 584 A.D. The Egyptian examples date from 702 A.D. down to 1085 A.D., and were brought by the Arab traders, who were still visiting Canton as late as 1278 A.D. The characters and material alike show that they are not earlier than the Han dynasty.* The condition of China was indeed not sufficiently civilized to allow of such an early commerce, and even in the Augustan age these regions were hardly known in the West, when silk was still believed to grow on trees. Pausanias (vi. 26) and Clement of Alexandria, in the second century, knew, however, that it was of insect origin, and a certain bombyx was already introduced at Ceos, though, according to Gibbon (ch. xl.) it was not the true silkworm; and Pliny, who knew of this manufacture, still regarded silk as derived from a plant. Ptolemy the geographer (about 150 B.C.) made maps which include Ireland and India, and reach from Briton to the Niger, but China still lies beyond their limits, though the country of the Seres is described to the sources of the Yellow River and the Lake of Koko-Nor. From this distant region silk was brought to Rome, and fetched twelve ounces of gold to the pound of weight, or about £48 per pound, which would be about thirty times the modern value. It was not apparently till the sixth century that the culture of silk began in the West. Two monks from Per-

* Indian Travels and Embassies. O. de Beauvoir Prieault. London, 873.

* Williams's Middle Kingdom, vol. ii., p. 27.

sia (Nestorian Christians) then succeeded in carrying the eggs from China, and silk has ever since been made in Syria. The earlier supply was by the caravan route—a journey of two hundred and forty-three days by Samarkand and Bokharah to Antioch; or by Thibet to the Ganges and the Indus, and thence by sea to Egypt. About the same time Chinese records speak of the people of the western empire as “tending silk worms” (in 530 A.D.), and having their capital at *An-tu*, by which possibly Antioch is intended.*

The relations of the Chinese with the Romans, as noticed in their own accounts, have formed the subject of minute study by Dr. Edkins, T. W. Kingsmill, and other scholars, whose researches have been devoted to sinology. The Chinese accounts are somewhat vague, and the exact meaning of *Ta-tsin*—the name given to a great western empire—is disputed. It was a region where the lion was not unknown, and where the silkworm was, as stated, bred by the Westerns; but it appears to be fairly certain that the eastern or Asiatic dominion of the Roman emperors is intended to be understood, and its ruler, *An-ton*, may have been one of the Antonine emperors. According to the Chinese, he sent an embassy, bearing tortoise-shells and rhinoceros' horns, and travelling through Cochin China about 166 A.D.; and in the third century Romans (or westerns subject to Rome) penetrated to Nanking, while a further embassy or expedition arrived in 285 A.D. About this time the products of India, as the Chinese state, were regularly sent to the West, including coral, amber, and gold, sapphires, mother-of-pearl, and perfumes, as well as the cotton and silk already noticed.

The third century was the period of Palmyra's greatest prosperity as an emporium on the land route to the East. It still retained in native speech—as we learn from extant inscriptions—the old name of Tadmor, under which it is noticed in the Bible as founded by Solomon. Its civilization was Greco-Roman, and Jews and Christians alike were found at Zenobia's court; but its native population was of the old Semitic stock, whose language and alphabet survive on Palmyrene inscriptions. The important position held by the merchants in this desert city is shown by one of the most interesting of the Greek texts there discovered, which speaks of a “caravan leader” in 142 A.D.,

engaged in the trade with Vologesia near the Tigris, eighteen miles from Babylon, who was thought worthy of an honorary tablet. Word, one of the rulers of the city in the third century, to whom a statue was erected, also bears the same title of “caravan leader.”

Such, then, was the splendid heritage which later ages owed to the energy of Phoenicians, Assyrians, Jews, Arabs, and Italians, and which was never lost by their children and successors. In Byzantine ages the road to the East remained still open, and the trade of the West increased. Under the Arab khalifs Baghdad became the centre of a widespread commerce, and the Jews and Arabs still brought Oriental precious things to Europe. In the eighth century the Nestorian monks from Persia had settled in China (as shown by an inscription in their own alphabet still extant), long before the famous mediæval journeys of the thirteenth century, when Plano Carpini and Rubuquis reached Mongolia, and Marco Polo wandered over China; and during the later century of Norman rule in Palestine, the trade in fur extended northwards to the dark regions of Siberia, whence squirrel skins were brought to Italy and France. The Constantinople trade, which was perhaps older than the days of the great change of capital which finally ruined the Roman Empire, can be traced in the ninth century, while the English had as yet hardly ventured to cross to the Netherlands to barter wool. From Pera the Genoese merchants passed along the south shores of the Black Sea, and crossed the Caspian, or went south to Baghdad. Rubuquis found not only Persians but Germans and other Europeans in the far distant capital of Mongolia at Karakorum; and when, after the great Mongol outbreak into western Asia and Europe, the Genoese trade declined, the Venetians from Alexandria took up the sea route to India, and an Italian trade in Egypt has never ceased from that time.

Thus two centuries before Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, which the Phoenicians had discovered two thousand years earlier, and before Columbus, or even the Greenlanders, had discovered the eastern shores of America, a steady commerce with India, China, and Siberia had prospered and become established. In the sixteenth century, when Queen Elizabeth had her consuls in the Levant, and her fleet of boats on the Euphrates, English merchants were busy at Aleppo and Alexandretta, as well as in

* Journal R. Asiatic Soc. N. China Branch, xviii., p. 12.

Italy and Greece; and the Levant Company was founded in 1583 A.D.

The lesson of history is, therefore, the same in all ages, since the Egyptians ventured to Punt, or the Phenicians saw the mountains of Cyprus from the slopes of Lebanon, and dared to steer thither across the tideless sea. In a planet of which three-fourths are covered by water, riches and power belong to those who hold command of the sea. The Romans struggled with the Carthaginians for such command, and thus became the masters of the world. The Arab power decayed when Normans and Italians drove their traders from the Mediterranean; the wealth and prosperity of Britain, in our own age, depend upon the power of our fleet, and on the daring of our merchant sailors.

C. R. CONDER.

From Longman's Magazine.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRIENDSHIP.

It would be an interesting inquiry, and not an uninteresting one, to examine into the lives and deaths of friendships, by collecting evidence, comparing one with another, and collating statistics, to discover their average length of days, the circumstances which tend to shorten or prolong the terms of their existence, the diseases to which they are subject, the causes that most frequently prove fatal to them, the manner in which they depart this life, and lastly — not least in importance — the fashion of their burial.

It is a fact that must be frankly confessed that it is not by the "visitation of God" that all, or even, one fears, most friendships perish. Lifelong friendships, friendships that are found by death, when it comes, unimpaired, do indeed exist — it were faithless and ungrateful to deny it — but surely it is no less true, if a truth less creditable to human nature, that many, if not the majority, are hardly more than episodes, long or short, important or trifling, in the lives which they affect.

It could scarcely indeed be otherwise, human nature being what it has proved itself, rash in entering upon such relationships — in building the tower without counting the cost — and fickle in repudiating them; but even setting aside such natural causes, how many perils and dangers of other kinds beset a friendship, dangers for which no one is to blame, perils which are nobody's fault, which are merely the inevitable result of time and

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVIII. 4003

the changes which time brings with it; how many storms must be weathered if the vessel — often not more than a pleasure-boat, manned for fair weather — is to escape the destruction that awaits it.

But the age of miracles is not yet past, and there are still found bonds, uncemented by ties of blood or kinship, and unprotected by the legal guarantees with which it has been found by universal consent necessary to fence about other unions, which do nevertheless escape the perils of the way, and emerge triumphant from the dangers by which they have been environed. But, again, it must be repeated, these are the exceptions which prove the rule.

An inquiry, however, which should deal with the whole subject would be too wide a one, covering, as it would do, in its direct and side issues, not a small portion of the area of human life. It is with a more limited subject — with a single friendship, that is, and one typical rather of a past than of the present generation — that we are now concerned, a friendship which has already lain in its grave more than a century, and which, distinguished from others of its kind more by the sort of brutal candor with which the changes and chances that befell it are unveiled for the edification of the student than by any other inherent quality, may serve as a fair example of the class to which it belonged — possibly as a warning.

It is a friendship between a man and a woman, of the intellectual rather than the sentimental type, but into which we cannot but detect the intrusion, on the woman's part, at least, of an admixture of sentiments of a more dangerous and fermenting nature. Such accidents are the tax which, on one side or the other, is not infrequently levied upon such relationships, and to which the bitterness and acerbity which, in the case in question, marked some of its stages may not unfairly be ascribed.

Mrs. Inchbald was already in her fortieth year — an age at which, if ever, such a friendship might be considered safe from disturbing elements — when she appears to have first crossed the path of William Godwin, himself two or three years younger. Both were, in the eyes of their contemporaries as well as in their own, noticeable figures. It is from different causes that individuals are singled out for distinction in their own time and are held in remembrance by those who come after. In the case of the majority it is for what they have done, in consideration

of some monument, of whatever kind, that they have left behind, with their name thereto affixed, as a bequest to posterity. But in other, though more uncommon instances, their performances have little to do with the matter. The immortality of this second class—that precarious and provisional immortality conferred by their fellow-men—is due, not to the tangible results of their labors or of their genius, but to a personality strong enough to print itself upon their age and make them stand out, living and individual figures, upon the comparatively colorless background of their contemporaries, so that they continue, after they have passed away, to form a feature of the age to which they belong, which catches and compels the attention of those who look back. Thus was it with Mrs. Inchbald. It is not now chiefly as the writer of a score of forgotten plays, as the second-rate actress, or even as the authoress of “*A Simple Story*,” the most successful of her literary achievements, that she attracts our interest, but as the farmer’s daughter who, coming to London in her early girlhood to seek her future, unfriended and alone, succeeded in finding it; whose robust common sense carried her unharmed through the perilous adventures which marked the launching of her bark in London life; as the only authoress in whose society Sheridan declared himself to find pleasure; who, wherever she made her appearance, is said to have become at once the centre of the circle which she entered; in whom the author of “*Political Justice*” found the “mixture of the milkmaid and the lady so piquante;” whose figure, now vanished from the world’s stage for more than seventy years, still stands out, in bold and striking relief, even from a society in which individualities were more than usually pronounced.

There, in the picture-gallery of the last century, for to that century she belongs, though her life extended nearly twenty years beyond its close, her portrait confronts us, sketched by her own hand and that of her contemporaries, boldly outlined, vivid and clear, somewhat deficient in delicacy and grace, blemished here and there by touches of vulgarity and coarseness; to speak truth, a not altogether pleasant and yet most individual feature in the group to which she belongs; made up of incongruous virtues and inharmonious foibles, full—as she is set before us by the daughter of her friend—of contrasts and inconsistencies, her spirit of adventure bridled by a saving grace of

self-command; at once penurious and generous, susceptible and emotional, yet guarding herself successfully against passion; kind-hearted, yet with a bitter tongue and an envenomed pen that we cannot but feel must have gone far to counteract the effects of her practical good-nature; and combining, as years went by, with the frank and hardy egoism which had been the earlier attitude in which she faced the world, a prudent pharisaism which is perhaps the most incongruous and unattractive trait her character presents. It is pleasanter to view her as the reckless adventuress, bold, eager, ambitious, vain, rashly confident one day, at starvation point the next, indiscreet in her friendships and prompt in her compunction, than as she appears later on when prosperity and success have invested her with the sober garb of a responsible respectability which is the least pleasing of its kind—with a reputation, social and literary, of which, as a newly acquired possession, it behoves her to be careful, and which she declines to imperil by extending the hand of fellowship to those who have been more rash or less fortunate in their ventures than herself.

It was at this later period of her life, when she was doubtless engaged, as her biographer graphically expressed it, in cultivating her literary talents and in investing her gains in the funds; when, according to the same authority, “coronets were seen waiting at the door of her lodgings to bear her from household toil to take the airing of luxury and pride,” that she became acquainted with Godwin. Her wild oats had long been sown. Twenty-one years had elapsed since she had quitted her mother’s home, intending, with the magnificent optimism of seventeen, and in spite of the impediment in her speech which, to a less sanguine spirit, might have appeared an insuperable obstacle to her scheme, to make herself a name and carve herself out a career on the stage. Over, too, were the adventurous years which had followed, together with the days when, married to the second-rate actor who had rescued her from the obvious dangers incident to the life which she had chosen, she had “starved, feasted, despaired, been happy.” Poor Inchbald, with his not altogether unreasonable jealousies, his sanguine hopes and unfulfilled anticipations, his visions, by means of the French acquired by a few lessons, of taking a Parisian audience by storm, while his wife should achieve a corresponding success in literary and social circles—

poor Inchbald had been many years in his grave; whilst his widow, resigning herself, we feel sure, after a week of "grief, horror, and almost despair," to the inevitable, had, left to herself, made a far greater success of life than would have been possible to her weighted by his presence, and had achieved in the field of literature a triumph denied to her on the stage.

It was at this point in her career that the friendship was inaugurated of the vicissitudes of which the letters published in the life of William Godwin tell the tale, presenting us with the record, not indeed complete, but more candid than such chronicles are wont to be, of a not uninteresting chapter in human history.

In the autumn of 1792, when the acquaintance was formed, Godwin, though not yet at the height of his literary reputation, was already well known in the world of letters. Two years earlier, although at the time a stranger to the authoress, he had read and reviewed "A Simple Story," and the first letter we find is one in which Mrs. Inchbald recognizes the tenderness and justice of the criticism passed by her new friend upon a tragedy from her pen.

During the next five years the friendship thus inaugurated seems to have run a prosperous course. There were frequent meetings and frequent interchange of letters. Godwin was a man to whom the society of women was a necessity, and who was peculiarly open to the species of flattery, in part literary, in part personal, which is an art at which they are commonly more adroit than men, or would it be more just to say that it is a cordial which each sex is best adapted to administer to the other? As we read Mrs. Inchbald's comments — they can scarcely be termed criticisms — upon his works, we are not surprised to find that his biographer considers that her friendship was "a great comfort" to him at this period of his life.

"God bless you!" she cries, when entrusted with the proof sheets of "Caleb Williams," "that was the sentence I exclaimed when I had read about half a page. . . . If you disappoint me you shall never hear the last of it, and instead of 'God bless,' I will vociferate 'God — n you.'"

And a day or two later, writing of the same work, she says: —

"Your first volume is far inferior to the two last. Your second is sublimely horrible, captivatingly frightful. Your third is all a great genius can do to delight

a great genius, and I never felt myself so conscious of, or so proud of giving proof of a good understanding as in pronouncing it to be a capital work."

Thus the one great genius to the other! What author, philosopher though he might be, could fail to be touched by a like tribute? Eleven years later it will be necessary to quote another criticism, also from Mrs. Inchbald's pen. It is curious to compare the two. In these halcyon days even, when she presumes to suggest an improvement, it is with a smile at her own audacity. "I wish," she says, "I could always write so excellently comic as when I undertake to dictate to you."

But it is not always to the literary man that her letters are addressed.

"I have received," she writes, "a note this moment from a very Beautiful Lady, requiring I would direct it to you, as she does not know your address. I am afraid to send it by post for fear it should fall into the hands of the Privy Council, who might not set a proper value upon it. I trust you will, for I assure you it contains her real sentiments." And — Mrs. Inchbald will be at home all the following day, and Mr. Godwin had better call for her friend's tribute in person.

That she was exacting we can believe when we find her instructing Mr. Godwin, then and at all times overwhelmed with work, not to come and see her till he can pay her a visit of three hours' duration; but there is no evidence to indicate that it was not a tax he was ready and willing to meet. So far all had gone well — more than well — with the course of the friendship. But, no more than that of true love, was it destined to run smooth, and now came its first interruption. Godwin had been unmarried when Mrs. Inchbald had become acquainted with him, and had remained so for the five years which followed, during which we find no trace of a disagreement between them. But a change, vital in its nature, and, so far as the relationship between the two was concerned, disastrous in its effects, was about to take place. It was some months since he had first met Mary Wollstonecraft, and he had now determined to make her his wife. How the announcement was made to Mrs. Inchbald we have no means of knowing, but as to the manner of her reception of it we are not left in uncertainty.

Upon whatever woman his choice had fallen, Godwin's marriage would undoubtedly have been felt by her as a severe blow. Whether or not she would have desired to marry him herself, she was a

woman in whom the possessive quality — always dangerous to the continuance of a friendship — was strongly developed ; and she was far too astute and experienced in knowledge of the world to blind herself to the inevitable alteration in the existing relations between a man and a woman caused by the marriage of either. Henceforth she was well aware that, whether present in the body or not, there would always be a third person to be reckoned with, and that to herself it would be left for the future to take the lower place outside the sacred circle within which there is but room for two.

Mrs. Inchbald was not a woman to accept the situation meekly. "In my religion," she writes long afterwards to Godwin himself, not perhaps without a backward glance at the present time, "in my religion we never trust secrets to a married man, and men make vows of celibacy on purpose to gain our confidence" — a singular method, by the way, of accounting for the vows of the priesthood of the Catholic Church ; and Godwin having failed to prove himself ready to purchase the continuance of Mrs. Inchbald's confidence in the manner indicated, her own action in the matter was marked with her usual promptness and decision. Being a woman to whom, at least in the question at issue, no bread was plainly preferable to half a loaf, she at once decided to dispense with his friendship altogether rather than, acquiescing in the altered conditions under which it could alone continue, to accept that which it would be in his power for the future to offer.

"Two ladies," says Mary Shelley, Godwin's daughter, in narrating the event, "shed tears when he announced his marriage — Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Reveley." Mrs. Inchbald did more. Availing herself, without remorse or compunction, of the first weapon supplied to her hand, she took the opportunity of insulting the woman who had become her friend's wife.

"I must sincerely wish you and Mrs. Godwin joy," she writes, when the news of the marriage had reached her ; "but, assured that your joyfulness will obliterate from your memory every trifling engagement, I have entreated another person to supply your place and perform your office in securing a box on Reynolds' night. If I have done wrong, when you next marry I will act differently."

And when Godwin, owing either to extraordinary obtuseness, or more probably to the singular and stubborn obstinacy characteristic of the man, persisted, in

spite of the intimation that his presence was no longer desired, in presenting himself together with his wife, in Mrs. Inchbald's box on the night in question, the latter went so far as to express her sentiments, in no ambiguous language, to the bride herself.

It does not surprise us, after this passage of arms, that during the brief period covered by Godwin's first marriage we find no record of further intercourse between Mrs. Inchbald and himself. It is a stranger fact — one, indeed, so astonishing that it is difficult, from the standpoint of ordinary human nature, to account for it — that on the very day of Mary Godwin's tragic and premature death he should be found appealing to his own former friend and to his wife's enemy for sympathy in his bereavement. The correspondence that follows indicates, so to speak, the high-water mark of interest attaching to the story. Of the friendship itself it marks the veritable close.

That Godwin should, after all that had passed, have turned to Mrs. Inchbald at what was probably the darkest hour in his life, is in itself the strongest proof that could be given of the strength of the attachment which had survived the test to which she had already put it. In the letter, evidently written under the influence of strong feeling, in which he announces his wife's death, there is plainly discernible the desire, if not wholly to ignore the past, at least to pass it over as lightly as was compatible with loyalty to the dead. But Godwin, philosopher and student of human nature as he was, had mistaken the woman with whom he had to deal, and in the rapid interchange of well-directed fire that follows sharply upon the flag of truce we see reconciliation in any true sense rendered impossible, and the death-wound given to the friendship which, with a haste so strange and ill-judged, he had striven to renew. As letter follows letter, and we perceive the increasing rancor on either side, the venomous and vindictive passion with which the dead woman is pursued by her living rival, as Godwin, roused from the softened mood which had dictated his appeal to his former friend, and moved by her attack to responsive bitterness, finds time even at that moment to elaborate with careful and effective skill his deliberate indictment against his wife's assailant, we feel that Mary is avenged, that she has proved more powerful dead than living, and that in the grave to which she will presently be borne will also be buried the friendship — or all that was worth having

of it — which once united, and might have united again, the man who had loved and the woman who had hated her.

* "My wife died at eight this morning," Godwin writes. "I always thought you used her ill, but I forgive you. You told me you did not know her. You have a thousand good and great qualities. She had a very deep-rooted admiration for you. Yours, with real honor and esteem, W. GODWIN."

Among Mrs. Inchbald's good and great qualities, reverence towards the dead and forbearance towards the living were not included. Reading the letter with which she responded to his announcement, and making every allowance for the haste and agitation which is visible in it, we nevertheless cannot but feel that it is in moments such as these that the true woman betrays herself. "Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar." The veneer of civilization has been applied, but it has gone no deeper than the surface. Mrs. Inchbald is still the same as when, more years ago than she would care to remember, she flung the dish of hot water in the face of a stage manager who had had the misfortune to offend her.

* "You have shocked me beyond expression," she writes, "yet, I bless God, without exciting the smallest portion of remorse. Yet I feel delicately (!) on every subject in which the good or ill of my neighbor is involved.

"I did not know her. I never wished to know her. As I avoid every female acquaintance who has no husband, I avoided her. Against my desire you made us acquainted. With what justice I shunned her your present note evinces, for she judged me harshly. *She* first thought I used her ill, for you would not. . . . Be comforted. You *will* be comforted. Still I feel for you at present. Write to me again. Say what you please at such a time as this. I will excuse and pity you."

And again the following day she takes up her pen. She has by this time recovered from the first hot indignation aroused in her, perhaps in equal measure, by Godwin's simultaneous charge and expression of forgiveness. Possibly, too, though too proud to say so, she does not feel altogether easy at the recollection of her own reply. At any rate, she now, in a cooler mood, offers him condolence, together with encouragement for the future, deduced from her own experience. She too had suffered and had recovered — more, had lived to think with indifference of

what she had endured. With indifference, and possibly, as we cannot help suspecting, bearing in remembrance certain bickerings with poor Inchbald, lover and husband of her youth though he had been, not without an acknowledgment that Providence might have done wisely in removing him to another sphere. Another consolation, too, and a somewhat singular one, she offers: —

* "You have been a most kind husband, I am told. Rejoice — the time *might* have come when you would have wept over her remains with compunction for cruelty to her. . . . I lament her as a person whom you loved. I am shocked at the unexpected death of one in such apparent vigor of mind and body, but I feel no concern for any regret she endured at parting from this world, for I believe she had tact and understanding to despise it heartily."

But her *amende*, if as such was intended her tribute to the tact and wisdom which would have made Mary ready to quit a world which, with Mrs. Inchbald as its spokeswoman, had treated her so unmercifully, came too late. Two days later Godwin writes to substantiate the accusation she had so hotly resented, and this time in a tone which indicates clearly how deeply the insult to his wife had rankled:

* "I must endeavor to be understood," he says, "as to the unworthy behavior with which I charge you towards my wife. I think your shuffling behavior about the taking places to the comedy of the 'Will' dishonorable to you. I think your conversation with her that night at the play base, cruel, and insulting. I think you know more of my wife than you are willing to acknowledge to yourself, and that you have an understanding capable of doing some small degree of justice to her merits. I think you should have had magnanimity and self-respect enough to have showed this. I think that while the Twisses and others were sacrificing to what they were silly enough to think a proper etiquette, a person so out of all comparison their superior as you are should have placed her pride in acting upon better principles, and in courting and distinguishing insulted greatness and worth, I think that you chose a mean and pitiful conduct, when you might have chosen a conduct that would have done you immortal honor. You had not even their excuse. They could not (they pretended) receive her into their previous circles. You kept no circle to debase and enslave you.

"I have now been full and explicit on

the subject, and have done with it, I hope, forever.

"I thank you for your attempt at consolation in your letter of yesterday. It was considerate and well-intended, although its consolations are utterly alien to my heart.

W. GODWIN."

But it is naturally the woman who has the last word.

"I could refute every charge you allege against me in your letter," Mrs. Inchbald answers, "but I revere a man, either in deep love or deep grief; and as it is impossible to convince, I would at least say nothing to irritate him.

"Yet surely this much I may venture to add. As the short and very slight acquaintance I had with Mrs. Godwin, and into which I was reluctantly impelled by you, has been productive of petty suspicions and revilings (from which my character has been till now preserved), surely I cannot sufficiently applaud my own penetration in apprehending, and my own firmness in resisting a longer and more familiar acquaintance."

And a month later:—

"With the most sincere sympathy in all you have suffered—with the most perfect forgiveness of all you have said to me—there must nevertheless be an end to our acquaintance *forever*. I respect *your prejudices*, but I also respect *my own*.

"E. INCHBALD."

There is one reflection which is inevitably suggested by a perusal of this correspondence, namely, that should one great genius—to use Mrs. Inchbald's own expression—conceive itself to have cause of quarrel with another, especially where both are versed in the art of lending the fullest force to the expression of feeling, it is well that they should not quarrel on paper. The art of quarrelling well is at all times no easy one to acquire, but a dispute which is conducted on the most approved method, and in which the blows are each and all nicely calculated to find their way home to the most vulnerable points in the enemy's harness, though possibly admirable enough from the point of view of art and science, is apt to fail in paving the way, as a good quarrel between friends should do, to a more satisfactory adjustment of the relations between them, or, especially when the letters are preserved, in leaving a convenient loophole open for future reconciliation. In Godwin's last letter there were not wanting thrusts, veiled though they might be, which Mrs. Inchbald would find it hard to forgive and harder still to forget—notably

the assertion that while others were to some degree justified in pleading their position in society as an excuse for their refusal to admit into their circles a woman with Mary Wollstonecraft's past history, Mrs. Inchbald had no such excuse, since *she* had no "circle" from which to exclude her.

We are not surprised to find that the latter, violent and resentful as she was, declares the friendship to be at an end. We feel, indeed, that she is right—that the breach has become too wide to be repaired; and that, such being the case, it would have been well that intercourse between those who had been friends and could be friends no longer should cease.

Mrs. Inchbald, to do her justice, would have had it so. Her dramatic instinct, no doubt, no less than her theatrical training, taught her that it is contrary to the principles of true art that scenes on a lower level of emotion should be allowed to follow the catastrophe, and that, the climax having been reached, it was time that the curtain should fall.

But Godwin was of another mind. It is curious to find him, through the succeeding years, attempting with patient and dogged pertinacity, to gather up the links that have been broken, and to reknit the ties that have been wrenched apart. Again and again he returns to the charge, and again and again he is repulsed. Mrs. Inchbald never wavers in the course she has laid down for herself, never evinces a sign of relenting. As an acquaintance, as a comrade in the literary field, she has no objection to meet him, to associate with him, to seek his counsel and bestow her own; but as the friend she has loved she will admit him to her intimacy no more. She has learnt to be careful.

"While I retain the memory of all your good qualities," she writes on one occasion when he had striven to shake her determination, "I trust you will allow me not to forget your bad ones, but warily to guard against those painful and humiliating effects which the event of any singular circumstance might again produce."

Even over her literary criticisms, frankly appreciative as they often are, a change has passed. The old enthusiasm, the glamour with which personal affection had once invested the philosopher, is gone, never to return. Whilst her admiration for the writer still continues, though in modified form, something not unlike contempt for the man makes itself felt, now piercing through her praise, now finding vent in covert sarcasms. Thus, on one

occasion she blames him for taking the public unnecessarily into his confidence as to a change in his opinions: "Let the readers wonder at the writer's art," she advises, "rather than at his inconstancy. . . . Let them merely talk of your different productions under the title of 'Godwin's Head' and 'Godwin's Heart.'" While a little later on she offers him her somewhat equivocal congratulations upon having produced a tragedy which will hand him down to posterity "among the honored few who, during the present century, have totally failed in writing for the stage."

It is curiously illustrative of the confidence which, in spite of the breach between them, Mrs. Inchbald still retained not only in his literary judgment, but in his sense of honor that, while still inexorable in her refusal to renew the old friendly relationship, we find her soliciting his opinion upon a matter which so intimately concerned herself as her own autobiography — a work subsequently destroyed at the instigation of her director. Even the fact that the manuscript has been entrusted to him is to remain a secret between them, and it is clear that she awaits his sentence upon it as a matter of life and death importance and with breathless anxiety. "I am so ashamed of it," she writes, after begging that he would name an early day for the return of the manuscript; "I am impatient to have it back — and yet I am so fond of it, I am in terror lest *fire* or some other accident should destroy it while from under my protection. And if it should ever be published, perhaps I shall wish a thousand times it had been burnt. . . . Independently of my reputation as a woman, do you think as a writer I should be more or less esteemed by this publication?" And again, when Godwin, whom she had implored to mark the "disgusting as well as the dull parts," ventures to suggest some curtailment, she replies that while no one can acknowledge the efficacy of compression more than herself, "in the present production (where my real feelings only — no cold, *correct*, imaginary ones — have been concerned) I am totally at a loss where to curtail."

How completely she succeeded in separating the critic from the man is curiously shown by the fact that, while relentless in her determination to keep him personally at a distance, she should have placed in Godwin's hands a work concerning which she was herself torn by so many doubts, and of which the destruction was

eventually decreed by the discretion of her confessor.

It is perhaps natural that a man who has read, admired, and criticised four volumes of manuscript should feel himself entitled to a reward. At all events it appears that, some months after the correspondence that has been thus cited, Godwin, presuming upon her readiness to meet him upon literary ground, ventured upon a final effort to induce Mrs. Inchbald to rescind the decree by which she had annulled the friendship between them. The answer, however, was sharp and decisive: —

"I have a letter or two of yours in my possession," she writes — Mrs. Inchbald, like Godwin himself, was careful to preserve her correspondence — "the contents of which I perfectly forgive and perfectly *excuse*, or I should have been the meanest of mortals to have asked a favor of you this spring. Still these letters must ever prevent any *premeditated* renewal of our personal acquaintance. My manners or my conversation so deceived you to my disadvantage, that I cannot knowingly and willingly risk the possibility of such another disgraceful mortification . . . while you are in the self-same predicament" — thus she characterizes Godwin's second marriage — "which gave rise to your former error — the seeing through the eyes and feeling through the heart of another. I revere the passion which can blind you, and I revere blindness as the sole proof which can be given of the *genuine* passion; but so few men are gifted with refined sensibility like yours, that I have never yet been obliged to practise the art of pleasing them through those they love, and I dare not hazard the want of this power with you."

Which pronouncement Godwin laid away with the rest of Mrs. Inchbald's letters, accepting it, we cannot but believe, as final.

And so, at length, the friendship is not only dead but buried. There are different modes of sepulture. Some nations were accustomed to embalm their dead and to preserve their mummies. It is a practice not yet wholly discontinued. Some, with less reverence, allow their bones to bleach above-ground. In the case of a friendship neither course is to be recommended, nor is any good purpose answered by the attempt to galvanize it, as Godwin would have done, to a show of life. Mrs. Inchbald was wiser. The shortest method, harsh as it seems, is, after all, the best. The spirit being gone, as we may hope, elsewhere, it is rank materialism to pre-

serve the body which it has forsaken. Let it have speedy and decent burial, but — and in this we fancy Mrs. Inchbald would not agree — let it be given in silence. A panegyric over the grave of an outworn friendship would be, to say the least of it, out of place, but it is well to speak no harm of it either, since it is dead. The little French rhyme might fitly form its epitaph: —

La vie est brève:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis — bonjour!

La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis — bonsoir!

I. A. TAYLOR.

NOTE. — Letters marked with an asterisk are published in Mr. Kegan Paul's "Life of Godwin."

From The Fortnightly Review.

MADAME BODICHON: A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was one person, perhaps only one, privileged to invite herself to the two o'clock luncheon of George Eliot and George Lewes. This gifted friend and neighbor, Madame Bodichon, recounted to me how once she rang the gate bell of the Priory a few minutes too soon, to be admitted, of course — the Grace and Amelia of those days understood their duty as gate-keepers — but on crossing the threshold, out rushed her hostess, pale, trembling, her locks disordered — veritable Sibyl, disturbed in the fine frenzy of inspiration.

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" she cried, extremely agitated, "what have you done?"

The ever-welcome guest had interrupted her friend in a scene of "Romola."

"I felt ready to cry like a naughty child," said the narrator, "but from the opposite door rushed Mr. Lewes, who in the kindest manner put things right."

A greater contrast than that presented by these close friends of almost a lifetime could hardly be found. The author of "Adam Bede," sublime in her ugliness, angular, her large, sallow features lighted up by those sad, intermittently flashing eyes, ever peering, as it seemed, into the unknown and unknowable, her domesticities and humanities painfully strained, her very laugh having a lurking dreariness behind it, her black dress in harmony with the sombre, Rembrandt-like picture. The foundress of Girton College, still in

middle life fresh as a rose, her blue, frank eyes beaming with "the wild joy of living," her magnificent complexion and masses of wonderful golden hair set off by draperies bright as those worn by Mr. Morris's happy folk in "Nowhere," her tremendous animal spirits caught by every one near except George Eliot, to her, Marian ever. "Madame Bodichon's portrait is in every picture-gallery of Europe," said one who had known her from childhood. She might, indeed, have sat for the Titian in our own National Gallery, or the hardly less sumptuous and lovely Bordon in the Louvre.

In spite of these differences of look, temperament, and character, never were two women knitted by closer ties. In Madame Bodichon's library was a first copy of "Adam Bede," in which the author had written, a short time after its appearance, "To her who first recognized me in this work." And who can say? It is quite possible that, but for Barbara Leigh Smith, afterwards Madame Bodichon, "Adam Bede" would never have been written.

The actors in the little scene I am about to relate have now passed away. There can be no motive for withholding an incident which, indeed, I was never bidden to keep secret.

The acquaintance of the pair had ripened into friendship whilst Mary Ann Evans was unknown to fame, and before she had taken the perilous leap, in other words, thrown down her gauntlet to the world. On the brink of that decision, when womanly pride and love were battling for mastery, when the great novelist to be, trembled before the shadow hanging over what seemed otherwise a perfect life, the lovers and Barbara Leigh Smith spent a day together in the country. As she thus stood at the parting of the way, Mary Ann Evans unbosomed herself to her friend, even asked counsel.

"What right had I to advise?" Madame Bodichon afterwards said to the present writer. "I told her that her own heart alone must decide, and that, no matter what happened, I would stand by her while I lived."

We all know the share that George Henry Lewes had in the career of the novelist. But what if, at this juncture, his influence had been wholly withdrawn? What if, like her own Dorothea, she had married a Mr. Casaubon? Perhaps it was the conviction that she had been the silent, the unconscious umpire of their destinies, that knit the pair so closely to their

staunch, beautiful, magnanimous friend. Their affection for her and joy in her, were delightful to witness. Her presence had ever power to brighten them as a sun-beam. Madame Bodichon's attitude in this matter affords a key to her character. For her, the individual was everything; conventionalities, public opinion, the homage or approval of the world, of no account. It was this intense respect for humanity in the concrete, this profound sense of justice, this power of rising above prejudice, sentiment, and commonplace, that made her life so salutary and stimulating. The foundress of Girton College, the originator of the movement which led to the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, the re-planter of vast tracts of Algeria by means of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, has won for herself an incontestable place in contemporary history. As an educationist, social reformer, and philanthropist, she is hardly likely to be forgotten by future biographers. But there were eminent men and women among her friends to whom she was something else; who loved and admired her as the artist only. Frequenters of exhibitions five-and-twenty years ago will hardly have forgotten the brilliant water-color sketches dashed off in North Africa, Spain, South America, and elsewhere, bearing the signature B. L. S. B. Critics, among these Mr. Ruskin, were not slow to recognize the originality, imaginativeness, and poetic feeling displayed in every one. It was universally admitted that only persistent study and uncompromising devotion were necessary to develop really rare gifts, and secure for their possessor a foremost position among living artists. Dearly as she loved art, delightful as would have been to her the recognized position of an artist, she decided to give up her life to what she considered higher objects.

Perhaps it was in the society of men like her friend the eminent painter, Daubigny, that the happiest hours of a happy life were spent. To Madame Bodichon, George Henry Lewes and George Eliot were kindred spirits; for the author of "Romola" she entertained a feeling akin to reverence. But how different even dinner-table talk with these two to the joyous, light-hearted camaraderie of fellow artists! The contrast came out strikingly during the winter of 1870-71, when I was privileged to spend some time with all three under my friend's roof. She had hired a large, handsome, high-church rectory in the neighborhood of Ryde, and here Mr. and Mrs. Lewes spent Christmas.

Certainly he was captivatingly genial and clever, pranksome also as a monkey, yet one could but feel that over his companion there hung a perpetual shadow — by no means the shadow of personal remorse; none who knew her could for a moment suppose that it had anything to do with her defiance of conventional standards. Her brooding, deep-seated melancholy had not only one poor life, but all humanity, the life of humanity, for its cause. On her shoulders seemed to rest the spiritual burdens of the world. There were, of course, gay, mirthful intervals. The vicar's study had been assigned to Mr. Lewes for his use. When we sat down on Christmas day — as we supposed, to our Christmas turkey — there was a momentary consternation, followed by uncontrollable, hearty laughter. Mr. Lewes had discovered in the study a scourge, used, I presume, by the vicar for purposes of self-flagellation, and this scourge was served up instead of the turkey.

What a change when they had gone and Daubigny came! The great landscape-painter was in grievous anxiety, not only for his country, but for the lives of those nearest to him. The weather was arctic. Sketching out of doors was a matter of bodily hardship. French gaiety, genial companionship, and artistic enthusiasm overcame all obstacles. In the exhilarating society of his hostess, a Frenchwoman by marriage and at heart, Daubigny could shake off the gloom of that awful period.

"Ah, Madame Bodichon, you always inspire me!" he said again and again, the scenery of the Isle of Wight, however, not delighting him nearly so much as the fishmarket of Hastings. Later on we accompanied him thither, and he settled down in the little inn over against the lifeboat-house.

Before a stone of Girton College was laid Madame Bodichon had achieved good work. It is mainly owing to her exertions that working women can call their earnings their own, and also obtain divorce from a brutal husband. She wrote, as she spoke, admirable English. Her "Brief Summary of the Laws of England affecting Women," and other pamphlets, are models of their kind; lucid, dispassionate, unanswerable. For years she devoted alike time, money, and talents to a cause of which she lived to witness the triumph.

Another cause taken up by her no less warmly triumphed in her lifetime also. In 1866-67 we had traversed the fever-stricken plains of Oran together, journey-

ing to Algiers by way of Spain. "The fever, the fever," I wrote at the time; "every one was falling ill, was ill, or had been ill of the fever. We were particularly warned from exposing ourselves to the smell of freshly turned soil. The earth emitted a kind of poison, and there is no remedy for the evil but draining and planting." From the same spot, Le Sig, Oran, I wrote, "We returned to the auberge to see a pitiful sight. It was a little Arab child of fourteen months sick of the fever; he was riding on the shoulder of his grandfather, or, perhaps, great-grandfather, a patriarchal-looking old man with silky-white hair and beard. I don't think I ever saw anything more touching than his care of the little suffering thing. Its poor little face was perfectly livid, its eyes leaden, its limbs shrunken. What could we do for it?"

Quinine was a palliative, and we bestowed all that we had with us, but the true philanthropist, the "moral inventor," to use the phrase of Mr. Cotter Morrison, possesses, above all things, a vivid imagination. Madame Bodichon said little, but no doubt had in her mind some such picture as that of Faust:—

A swamp below the mountain stretches wide,
Poisoning all husbandry. To draw away
The deadly damp, that were the highest gain,
I open place for millions here to dwell
Busy and free, if not secure from ill.

The dream, if, indeed, dream it were, has been fulfilled. Since that picturesque, but painful journey the physical and climatic conditions of hundreds of thousands of acres in French Africa have been transformed by means of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, and among the first and most zealous planters were Madame Bodichon and her husband. The dense masses of bluish-green forest that have sprung up in the interval are not, perhaps, conducive to the beauty of Algerian scenery. They have rendered vast tracts healthful and fertile. Such changes are not effected without outlay. Madame Bodichon was not a rich woman, but could always find money for the causes she had at heart. Large sums were spent by her upon convoys of seed ordered direct from Melbourne, and her whole-hearted action stimulated others.

Her pen, indeed, first drew attention in England to the marvellously febrifugal qualities of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, or blue gum-tree. She had hastily put down a few facts and conclusions on paper, which she read to George Henry Lewes in 1868. He touched up the manuscript,

and carried it off straight to the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which paper it appeared next day, entitled "Australian Forests and Algerian Deserts."

It was in 1866 that the scheme of a university for women was matured by Madame Bodichon and Miss Emily Davies at the country house of the former. The pair discussed the matter morning, noon, and night, and the result of their confabulations was the experiment of Hitchin, a house temporarily opened for the accommodation of a few students later. I well remember the enthusiasm with which my friend carried me off to see the college of her dreams in embryo. As we lunched with the half-dozen busy, animated girls—a little family party—I recalled a passage in Miss Emily Davies's book on the "Higher Education of Women." In dwelling on the dead alive monotony of so many girls' lives, she mentions that terrible infliction of being invited out "to spend a long day." Those merry students most of whom afterwards devoted themselves to teaching, would at least never again be invited out to "spend a long day." Hitchin had made their time of more value. Who, at that moment, could foresee the magnificent building to arise within a decade just outside Cambridge? Educationalists of all shades of opinion rallied round the co-foundresses of Girton, but without the self-sacrifices of these two, the scheme might have fallen through. Madame Bodichon contributed a thousand pounds towards the initiatory outlay, and Miss Emily Davies for several years charged herself with the onerous duties of mistress.

Madame Bodichon threw heart and soul, not only into the organization and development of her college, but into the individual lives of the students—one and all were her children, her friends. With other educationalists, perhaps, she over-rated the value of mere mental training; in her generous ardor she was too apt to regard examinations and certificates as talismanic. In early life, with so many others, she had suffered at the hands of incompetent governesses. We need hardly wonder that the altered standard of women's education should appear to her in the light of a moral and spiritual revolution. A Girton student, in her eyes, ever had a shining nimbus round her head—was no mere woman.

Laws are not changed, wildernesses not made to blossom like the rose, colleges not founded, without wear and tear of muscle and brain. At fifty years of age

Madame Bodichon's health, never robust, completely broke down. But not one stroke of paralysis after another could check the enthusiasm of that richly endowed nature, or chill the warmth of that large heart. "It is a benediction to see you!" had been Browning's greeting one day years before. It was a benediction to see her still, enfeebled, unable any longer to exert herself mentally or bodily, yet, to the very last, living not in her own sick-room, but in the large life of others — the future of humanity. An evolutionist, saner intelligence never existed. She had long since discarded dogma and theologies of human invention. Theosophy, spiritism, psychical research — so called — and similar aberrations, were equally repugnant to her. She calmly accepted existence as it is, finding consolation for personal ills and bereavements in human progress.

In 1857 Barbara Leigh Smith had married Dr. Eugène Bodichon, of Algiers, a man of no mean attainments and in fullest sympathy with his wife's aims. One of the little knot known as the Republicans of '30, amongst these being his friends Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, Dr. Bodichon rendered good service to the cause of colonization and democracy. Strange as it may appear, after nearly twenty years of conquest, slavery existed in full force throughout Algeria. Rulers and legislators had apparently forgotten the famous declaration of the Rights of Man abolishing slavery in France. When, in 1848, Dr. Bodichon was named corresponding member of the provisional government, he immediately recommended the liberation of slaves in French Africa, a measure as promptly put into force. There can be little doubt that with Rochefort he helped to destroy the Napoleonic prestige. His analysis of the character of the first Napoleon was not allowed to appear in France under the Second Empire; the types of the work were broken up and the author's movements strictly watched. Carlyle read and re-read this monograph. The volume containing it lay for several days near his bed, and he owned to a friend that up to that time he had entertained a different idea of the modern Cæsar. Long before the introduction of the *Eucalyptus Globulus* into Algeria, Dr. Bodichon had insisted on the necessity of replanting the colony, in many regions denuded by Arab incendiaryists, in others rendered pestilential by miasma. His works on the country, especially from the ethnological point of view, are cited by Réclus and Henri Martin.

Madame Bodichon was not without one weakness of magnanimous natures. She was apt, especially of late years, to endow others with her own noble qualities, to bestow her confidence and affection upon those utterly unworthy of either. From littleness, self-seeking, worldliness, she was herself absolutely free. No woman ever possessed in larger degree the manly attribute of moral courage.

She died in June last, bequeathing £10,000 to her College of Girton and £1,000 to Bedford Square College.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PRETTY POLL!

It is an error of youth to despise parrots for their much talking. Loquacity isn't always a sign of empty-headedness, nor is silence a sure proof of weight and wisdom. If Von Moltke knew how to hold his tongue in six separate languages, Napoleon on the other hand was an incessant tattle; and is it not recorded of Macaulay as a peculiar feat that on one memorable occasion he treated the company to "several brilliant flashes of silence"? Need I cite once more Coleridge's famous friend who opined of baked dumplings, "Them's the jockeys for me"? Need I pair Cato and Wellington, those taciturn souls, with Pericles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, and Mirabeau? Are the silent Spartans, who enriched the world with the adjective laconic, more generally esteemed for their intellectual qualities than the talkative Athenians, ever eager to hear or to say some new thing, who endowed it only with Attic salt? No, no; let us get rid of such Puritan prepossessions. Silence is not always or necessarily golden; for its chief prophet has himself sung its praises in twenty-four volumes octavo of close small pica, which form his main title to the admiration of posterity. If he'd taken his own advice and practised what he preached, he'd be remembered now at Ecclefechan alone as an indifferent stone-mason who mended the auld brig and built a new wall round the U. P. schoolhouse.

Biologists, for their part, know better than that. By common consent, they rank the parrot group as the very head and crown of bird creation. Not, of course, because pretty Poll can talk (in a state of nature parrots only chatter somewhat meaninglessly to one another), but because

the group display on the whole, all round, a greater amount of intelligence, of cleverness, and of adaptability to circumstances than any other birds, including even their cunning and secretive rivals, the ravens, the jackdaws, the crows, and the magpies.

What are the efficient causes of this exceptionally high intelligence in parrots? In the words of the young man to Father William in the immortal parody, "What makes them so awfully clever?" Well, Mr. Herbert Spencer, I believe, was the first to point out the intimate connection that exists throughout the animal world between mental development and the power of grasping an object all round so as to know exactly its shape and its tactile properties. The possession of an effective prehensile organ—a hand or its equivalent—seems to be the first great requisite for the evolution of a high order of intellect. Man and the monkeys, for example, have a pair of hands; and in their case one can see at a glance how dependent is their intelligence upon these grasping organs. All human arts base themselves ultimately upon the human hand; and even the apes approach nearest to humanity in virtue of their ever active and busy little fingers. The elephant, again, has his flexible trunk, which, as we have all heard over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*, is equally well adapted to pick up a pin or to break the great boughs of tropical forest trees. (That pin, in particular, is now a well-worn classic.) The squirrel, once more, celebrated for his unusual intelligence when judged by a rodent standard, uses his pretty little paws as veritable hands, by which he can grasp a nut or fruit all round, and so gain in his small mind a clear conception of its true shape and properties. Throughout the animal kingdom generally, indeed, this correspondence, or rather this chain of causation, makes itself everywhere felt; no high intelligence without a highly developed prehensile and grasping organ.

Perhaps the opossum is the very best and most crucial instance that could possibly be adduced of the intimate connection which exists between touch and intellect. For the opossum is a marsupial; it belongs to the same group of lowly organized, antiquated, and pouch-bearing animals as the kangaroo, the wombat, and the other belated Australian mammals. Now everybody knows the marsupials as a class are nothing short of preternaturally stupid. They are just about the very dumbest and silliest of all

existing quadrupeds. And this is reasonable enough, when one comes to think of it, for they represent a very antique and early type, the first rough sketch of the mammalian idea, if I may so describe them, with wits unsharpened as yet by contact with the world in the fierce competition of the struggle for life as it displays itself on the crowded stage of the great continents. They stand, in short, to the lions and tigers, the elephants and horses, the monkeys and squirrels, of Europe and America, as the Australian blackfellow stands to the Englishman or the Yankee. They are the last relic of the original secondary quadrupeds, stranded for ages in a remote southern island, and still keeping up among Australian forests the antique type of life that went out of fashion in Europe, Asia, and America before the chalk was laid down or the London Clay deposited on the bed of our northern oceans. Hence they have still very narrow brains, and are so extremely stupid that a kangaroo, it is said—though I don't vouch for it myself—when struck a smart blow, will turn and bite the stick that hurts him instead of expending his anger on the hand that holds it.

Now, every Girton girl is well aware that the opossum, though it is a marsupial too, differs inexpressibly in psychological development from the kangaroo and the wombat. Your opossum, in short, is active, sly, and extremely intelligent. He knows his way about the world he lives in. "A 'possum up a gum-tree" is accepted by the observant American mind as the very incarnation of animal cleverness, cunning, and duplicity. In negro folk-lore, the resourceful 'possum takes the place of Reynard the Fox in European stories; he is the Macchiavelli of wild beasts; there is no ruse on earth of which he isn't amply capable, no artful trick which he can't design and execute, no wily manœuvre which he can't contrive and carry to an end successfully. All guile and intrigue, the 'possum can circumvent even Uncle Remus himself by his crafty diplomacy. And what is it that makes all the difference between this 'cute Yankee marsupial and his backward and belated Australian cousins? Why, nothing but the possession of a prehensile hand and tail. Therein lies the whole secret. The opossum's hind foot has a genuine, opposable thumb; and he also uses his tail in climbing as a supernumerary hand, almost as much as do any of the monkeys. He often suspends himself by it, like an acrobat, swings his body to and fro to get

up steam, then lets go suddenly, and flies away to a distant branch, which he clutches by means of his hand-like hind feet. If the toes play him false, he can "recover his tip," as circus-folk put it, with his prehensile tail. The consequence is that the opossum, being able to form for himself clear and accurate conceptions of the real shapes and relations of things by these two distinct grasping organs, has acquired an unusual amount of general intelligence. And further, in the keen competition of the American continent, he has been forced to develop an amount of cleverness and low cunning which leaves his Australian poor relations far behind in the Middle Ages of evolution.

At the risk of seeming to run off at a tangent and forsake our ostensible subject, pretty poll, altogether, I must just pause for one moment more to answer an objection which I know has been trembling on the tip of your tongue any time the last five minutes. You've been waiting till you could get a word in edgeways to give me a friendly nudge and remark very wisely, "But look here, I say; how about the dog and the horse in your argument? *They've* got no prehensile organ that ever I heard of, and yet they're universally allowed to be the cleverest and most intelligent of all earthly quadrupeds." True, O most sapient and courteous objector. I grant it you at once. But observe the difference. The cleverness of the horse and of the dog is acquired, not original. It has probably arisen in the course of their long hereditary intercourse and companionship with man, the cleverest and most serviceable individuals being deliberately selected from generation to generation as dams and sires to breed from. We can't fairly compare these artificial human products, therefore, with wild races whose intelligence is all native and self-evolved. Moreover, the horse at least *has* to some slight extent a prehensile organ in his very mobile and sensitive lip, which he uses like an undeveloped or rudimentary proboscis to feel things all over with. So that the dog alone remains as a contradictory instance; and even the dog derives his cleverness indirectly from man, whose hand and thumb in the last resort are really at the bottom of his vicarious wisdom.

We may conclude, then, I believe, that touch, as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably words it, is "the mother tongue of the senses;" and that in proportion as animals have or have not highly developed and serviceable tactile organs will they rank high or low in the intellectual hie-

rarchy of nature. Now, how does this bear upon the family of parrots? Well, in the first place, everybody who has ever kept a cockatoo or a macaw in domestic slavery is well aware that in no other birds do the claws so closely resemble a human or simian hand, not indeed in outer form or appearance, but in opposability of the thumbs and in perfection of grasping power. The toes on each foot are arranged in opposite pairs — two turning in front and two backward, which gives all parrots their peculiar firmness in clinging on a perch or on the branch of a tree with one foot only, while they extend the other to grasp a fruit or to clutch at any object they desire to take possession of. True, this peculiarity isn't entirely confined to the parrots alone, as such. They share the division of the foot into two thumbs and two fingers with a whole large group of allied birds, called, in the charmingly concise and poetical language of technical ornithology, the Scansorial Picarians, and more generally known to the unlearned herd (meaning you and me) by their several names of woodpeckers, cuckoos, toucans, and plantain-eaters. All the members of this great group, of which the parrots proper are only the most advanced and developed family, possess the same arrangement of the digits into front-toes and back-toes. But in none is the arrangement so perfect as in the parrots, and in none is the power of grasping an object all round so completely developed and so pregnant in moral and intellectual consequences.

All the Scansorial Picarians, however (if the reader with his proverbial courtesy will kindly pardon me the inevitable use of such very bad words), are essentially tree-haunters; and the tree-haunting and climbing habit, as is well beknown, seems particularly favorable to the growth of intelligence. Thus schoolboys climb trees — but I forgot; this is a scientific article, and such levity is inconsistent with the dignity of science. Let us be serious! Well, at any rate, monkeys, squirrels, opossums, wild cats, are all of them climbers, and all of them, in the act of clinging, jumping, and balancing themselves on boughs, gain such an accurate idea of geometrical figure, perspective, distance, and the true nature of space-relations, as could hardly be acquired in any other manner. In one word, they thoroughly understand space of three dimensions, and the tactual realities that answer to and underlie each visible appearance. This is the very substratum of all intelligence; and the monkeys, possessing it more profoundly than

any other animals, have accordingly taken the top of the form in the competitive examination perpetually conducted by survival of the fittest.

So, too, among birds, the parrots and their allies climb trees and rocks with exceptional ease and agility. Even in their own department they are the great feathered acrobats. Anybody who watches a woodpecker, for example, grasping the bark of a tree with its crooked and powerful toes, while it steadies itself behind by digging its stiff tail-feathers into the crannies of the outer rind, will readily understand how clear a notion the bird must gain into the practical action of the laws of gravity. But the true parrots go a step further in the same direction than the woodpeckers or the toucans; for in addition to prehensile feet, they have also a highly developed prehensile bill, and within it a tongue which acts in reality as an organ of touch. They use their crooked beaks to help them in climbing from branch to branch; and being thus provided alike with wings, legs, hands, fingers, bill, and tongue, they are in fact the most truly arboreal of all known animals, and present in the fullest and highest degree all the peculiar features of the tree-haunting existence.

Nor is that all. Alone among birds or mammals, the parrots have the curious peculiarity of being able to move the upper as well as the lower jaw. It is this strange mobility of both the mandibles together, combined with the crafty effect of the sideways glance from those artful eyes, that gives the characteristic air of intelligence and wisdom to the parrot's face. We naturally expect so clever a bird to speak. And when it turns upon us suddenly with a copy-book maxim, we are in no way astonished at its surpassing smartness.

Parrots are vegetarians; with a single degraded exception to whom I shall recur hereafter, Sir Henry Thompson himself couldn't find fault with their regimen. They live chiefly upon a light but nutritious diet of fruit and seeds, or upon the abundant nectar of rich tropical flowers. And it is mainly for the sake of getting at their chosen food that they have developed the large and powerful bills which characterize the family. You may have perhaps noted that most tropical fruit-eaters, like the hornbills and the toucans, are remarkable for the size and strength of their beaks; if you haven't, I dare say you will generously take my word for it. And, *per contra*, it may also have struck you

that most tropical fruits have thick or hard or nauseous rinds, which need to be torn off before the monkeys or birds for whose use they are intended can get at them and eat them. Our little northern strawberries, and raspberries, and currants, and whortleberries, developed with a single eye to the petty robins and finches of temperate climates, can be popped into the mouth whole and eaten as they stand; they are meant for small birds to devour, and to disperse the tiny undigested nut-like seeds in return for the bribe of the soft pulp that surrounds them. But it is quite otherwise with oranges, shaddocks, bananas, plantains, mangoes, and pine-apples; those great tropical fruits can only be eaten properly with a knife and fork, after stripping off the hard and often acrid rind that guards and preserves them. They lay themselves out for dispersion by monkeys, toucans, and other relatively large and powerful fruit-eaters; and the rind is put there as a barrier against small thieves who would rob the sweet pulp, but be absolutely incapable of carrying away and dispersing the large and richly stored seeds it covers.

Parrots and toucans, however, have no knives and forks to cut off the rind with; but as monkeys use their fingers, so the birds use for the same purpose their sharp and powerful bills. No better nut-crackers and fruit-parers could possibly be found. The parrot, in particular, has developed for the purpose his curved and inflated beak — a wonderful weapon, keen as a tailor's scissors, and moved by powerful muscles on either side of the face which bring together the cutting edges with extraordinary energy. The way the bird holds a fruit gingerly in one claw, while he strips off the rind dexterously with his under-hung lower mandible, and keeps a sharp lookout meanwhile on either side with those sly and stealthy eyes of his for a possible intruder, suggests to the observing mind the whole living drama of his native forest. One sees in that vivid world the watchful monkey ever ready to swoop down upon the tempting tail-feathers of his hereditary foe; one sees the canny parrot ever prepared for his rapid attack, and ever eager to make him pay with five joints of his tail for his impertinent interference with an unoffending fellow-citizen of the arboreal community.

Still there are parrots and parrots, of course. Not all this vast family are in all things of like passions one with another. The great black cockatoo, for example,

the largest of the tribe, lives almost entirely off the central shoot or "cabbage" of palm-trees; an expensive kind of food, for when once the "cabbage" is eaten the tree dies forthwith, so that each black cockatoo must have killed in his time whole groves of cabbage-palms. Others, again, feed off fruits and seeds; and not a few are entirely adapted for flower-haunting and honey-sucking.

As a group, the parrots are comparatively modern birds. Indeed, they could have no place in the world till the big tropical fruits and nuts were beginning to be developed. And it is now pretty certain that fruits and nuts are for the most part of very recent and special evolution. To put it briefly, the monkeys and parrots developed the fruits and nuts, while the fruits and nuts returned the compliment by developing conversely the monkeys and parrots. In other words, both types grew up side by side in mutual dependence, and evolved themselves *pari passu* for one another's benefit. Without the fruits there could be no fruit-eaters; and without the fruit-eaters to disperse their seeds, there could just to the same extent be no fruits to speak of.

Most of the parrots very much resemble the monkeys and other tropical fruit-feeders in their habits and manners. They are gregarious, mischievous, noisy, and irresponsible. They have no moral sense, and are fond of practical jokes and other schoolboy horseplay. They move about in flocks, screeching loud as they go, and alight together on some tree well covered with berries. No doubt they herd together for the sake of protection, and screech both to keep the flock in a body and to strike alarm and consternation into the breasts of their enemies. When danger threatens, the first bird that perceives it sounds a note of warning; and in a moment the whole troop is on the wing at once, vociferous and eager, roaring forth a song in their own tongue which may be roughly interpreted as stating in English that they don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if they do, they'll tear their enemy to shreds and drink his blood up too.

The common grey parrot, the best known in confinement of all his kind, and unrivalled as an orator for his graces of speech, is a native of west Africa; so that he shares with other west Africans that perfect command of language which has always been a marked characteristic of the negro race. He feeds in a general way upon palm-nuts, bananas, mangoes, and guavas, but he is by no means averse,

if opportunity offers to the Indian corn of the industrious native. His wife accompanies him in his solitary rambles, for they are not gregarious. In her native haunts, indeed, Polly is an unsociable bird. It is only in confinement that her finer qualities come out, and that she develops into a speechmaker of distinguished attainments.

A very peculiar and exceptional offshoot of the parrot group is the brush-tongued lory, several species of which are common in Australia, India, and the Molucca Islands. These pretty and interesting creatures are in point of fact parrots which have practically made themselves into humming-birds by long continuance in the poetical habit of visiting flowers for food. Like Mr. Oscar Wilde in his æsthetic days, they breakfast off a lily. Flitting about from tree to tree with great rapidity, they thrust their long, extensible tongues, pencilled with honey-gathering hairs, into the tubes of many big tropical blossoms. The lorries, indeed, live entirely on nectar, and they are so common in the region they have made their own that all the larger flowers there have been developed with a special view to their tastes and habits, as well as to the structure of their peculiar brush-like honey collector. In most parrots the mouth is dry and the tongue horny; but in the lorries it is moist and much more like the same organ in the humming-birds and sun-birds. The prevalence of very large and brilliantly colored flowers in the Malayan region must be set down for the most part to the selective action of these æsthetic and color-loving little brush-tongued parrots.

Australia and New Zealand, as everybody knows, are the countries where everything goes by contraries. And it is here that the parrot group has developed some of its strangest and most abnormal offshoots. One would imagine beforehand that no two birds could be more unlike in every respect than the gaudy, noisy, gregarious cockatoos and the sombre, nocturnal, solitary owls. Yet the New Zealand owl-parrot is, to put it plainly, a lory which has assumed all the outer appearance and habits of an owl. A lurker in the twilight or under the shades of night, burrowing for its nest in holes in the ground, it has dingy brown plumage like the owls, with an undertone of green to bespeak its parrot origin; while its face is entirely made up of two great disks, surrounding the eyes, which succeed in giving it a most marked and unmistakable owl-like appearance.

Now, why should a parrot so strangely disguise itself and belie its ancestry. The reason is plain. It found a place for it ready made in nature. New Zealand is a remote and sparsely stocked island, peopled by mere casual waifs and strays of life from adjacent but still very distant continents. There are no dangerous enemies there. Here, then, was a clear chance for a nightly prowler. The owl-parrot with true business instinct saw the opening thus clearly laid before it, and took to a nocturnal and burrowing life, with the natural consequence that it acquired in time the dingy plumage, crepuscular eyes, and broad, disk-like reflectors of other prowling night-fliers. Unlike the owls, however, the owl-parrot, true to the vegetarian instincts of the whole lory race, lives almost entirely upon sprigs of mosses and other creeping plants. It is thus essentially a ground bird; and as it feeds at night in a country possessing no native beasts of prey, it has almost lost the power of flight, and uses its wings only as a sort of parachute to break its fall in descending from a rock or tree to its accustomed feeding-ground. To get up again, it climbs, parrot-like, with its hooked claws, up the surface of the trunk or the face of the precipice.

Even more aberrant in its ways, however, than the burrowing owl-parrot, is that other strange and hated New Zealand lory, the kea, which, alone among its kind, has abjured the gentle, ancestral vegetarianism of the cockatoos and macaws, in favor of a carnivorous diet of singular ferocity. And what is odder still, this evil habit has been developed in the kea since the colonization of New Zealand by the English, those most demoralizing of newcomers. The settlers have taught the Maori to wear tall hats and to drink strong liquors; and they have thrown temptation in the way of even the once innocent native parrot. Before the white man came, in fact, the kea was a mild-mannered, fruit-eating or honey-sucking bird. But as soon as sheep stations were established in the island these degenerate parrots began to acquire a distinct taste for raw mutton. At first, to be sure, they ate only the sheep's heads and offal that were thrown out from the slaughter-houses, picking the bones as clean of meat as a dog or a jackal. But in process of time, as the taste for blood grew upon them, a still viler idea entered into their wicked heads. The first step on the downward path suggested the second. If dead sheep are good to eat, why not also living ones? The kea, pon-

dering deeply on this abstruse problem, solved it at once with an emphatic affirmative. And he straightway proceeded to act upon his convictions, and invent a really hideous mode of procedure. Perching on the backs of the living sheep he has now learnt the exact spot where the kidneys are to be found; and he tears open the flesh to get at these dainty morsels, which he pulls out and devours, leaving the unhappy animal to die in miserable agony. As many as two hundred ewes have thus been killed in a night at a single station. I need hardly add that the sheep farmer naturally resents this irregular proceeding, so opposed to all ideals of good grazing, and that the days of the kea are now numbered in New Zealand. But from the purely psychological point of view the case is an interesting one, as being the best recorded instance of the growth of a new and complex instinct actually under the eyes of human observers.

One word as to the general coloring of the parrot group as a whole. Tropical, forestine birds have usually a ground tone of green because that color enables them best to escape notice among the monotonous verdure of equatorial woodland scenery. In the north, to be sure, green is a very conspicuous color; but that is only because for half the year our trees are bare and even during the other half they lack that "breadth of tropic shade" which characterizes the forests of all hot countries. Therefore, in temperate climates, the common ground-tone of birds is brown, to harmonize with the bare boughs and leafless twigs, the clods of earth and dead turf or stubble. But in the evergreen tropics green is the right hue for concealment or defence. Therefore the parrots, the most purely tropical family of birds on earth, are mostly greenish; and among the smaller and more defenceless sorts, like the familiar little love-birds, where the need for protection is greatest, the green of the plumage is almost unbroken. Of the tiny Pigmy parrots of New Guinea, for instance, Mr. Bowdler Sharpe says: "Owing to their small size and the resemblance of their green coloring to the forests they inhabit, they are not easily seen, and until recent years were very hard to procure." And of the green parrot of Jamaica, Mr. Gosse remarks: "Often we hear their voices proceeding from a certain tree, or else have marked the descent of a flock on it; but on proceeding to the spot, though the eye has not wandered from it, we cannot discover an individual. We go close to the tree, but all is silent

and still as death. We institute a careful survey of every part with the eye, to detect the slightest motion, or the form of a bird among the leaves, but all in vain. We begin to think they have stolen off unperceived; but on throwing a stone into the tree, a dozen throats burst forth into a cry, and as many green birds rush forth upon the wing." Green may thus be regarded as the normal or basal parrot tint, from which all other colors are special decorative variations.

But fruit-eating and flower-feeding creatures — like butterflies and humming-birds — seeking their food ever among the bright berries and brilliant flowers, almost invariably acquire in the long run an æsthetic taste for pure and varied coloring, and by the aid of sexual selection this taste stereotypes itself at last in their own wings and plumage. They choose their mates for color as they choose their foodstuffs. Hence all the larger and more gregarious parrots, in which the need for concealment is less, tend to diversify the fundamental green of their coats with crimson, yellow, or blue, which in some cases take possession of the entire body. The largest kinds of all, like the great blue and yellow or crimson macaws, are as gorgeous as Solomon in all his glory; and they are also the species least afraid of enemies; for in Brazil you may often see them wending their way homeward openly in pairs every evening, with as little attempt at concealment as rooks in England. In the Moluccas and New Guinea, says Mr. Wallace, white cockatoos and gorgeous lories in crimson and blue are the very commonest objects in the local fauna. Even the New Zealand owl-parrot, however, still retains many traces of his original greenness, mixed with the dirty brown and dingy yellow of his acquired nocturnal and burrowing nature.

If fruit-eaters are fine, flower-haunters are magnificent. And the brush-tongued lories, that search for nectar among the bells of Malayan blossoms, are the brightest-colored of all the parrot tribes. Indeed, no group of birds, according to Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace (who ought to know, if anybody does), exhibits within the same limited number of types so extraordinary a diversity and richness of coloring as the parrots. "As a rule," he says, "parrots may be termed green birds, the majority of the species having this color as the basis of their plumage, relieved by caps, gorgets, bands, and wing spots of other and brighter hues. Yet this general green tint sometimes changes into light or

deep blue, as in some macaws; into pure yellow or rich orange, as in some of the American macaw parrots; into purple, grey, or dove-color, as in some American, African, and Indian species; into the purest crimson, as in some of the lories; into rosy white and pure white, as in the cockatoos; and into a deep purple, ashy, or black, as in several Papuan, Australian, and Mascarene species. There is in fact hardly a single distinct and definable color that cannot be fairly matched among the three hundred and ninety species of known parrots. Their habits, too, are such as to bring them prominently before the eye. They usually feed in flocks; they are noisy, and so attract attention; they love gardens, orchards, and open sunny places; they wander about far in search of food, and towards sunset return homeward in noisy flocks, or in constant pairs. Their forms and motions are often beautiful and attractive. The immensely long tails of the macaws and the more slender tails of the Indian paroquets, the fine crest of the cockatoos, the swift flight of many of the smaller species, and the graceful motions of the little love-birds and allied forms, together with their affectionate natures, aptitude for domestication, and power of mimicry, combine to render them at once the most conspicuous and the most attractive of all the specially tropical forms of bird life."

I have purposely left to the last the one point about parrots which most often attracts the attention of the young, the gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless; I mean their power of mimicry in human language. And I believe I am justified in passing it over lightly. For in fact this power is but a very incidental result of the general intelligence of parrots, combined with the other peculiarities of their social life and forestine character. Dominant woodland animals, indeed, like monkeys, parrots, toucans, and hornbills, at least if vegetarian in their habits, are almost always gregarious, noisy, mischievous, and imitative. And the imitation results directly from the unusual intelligence; for, after all, what is the power of learning itself — at least, in all save its very highest phases — but the faculty of accurately imitating another? Monkeys for the most part imitate action only, because they haven't very varied or flexible voices. Parrots and many other birds, on the contrary — like the starling and still more markedly the American mocking-bird — being endowed with considerable flexibility of voice, imitate either songs or spoken words with

great distinctness. In the parrot the power of attention is also very considerable, for the bird will often try over with itself repeatedly the lesson it has set itself to learn. But people too generally forget that at best the parrot knows only the general application of a sentence, not the separate meanings of its component words. It knows, for example, that "Polly wants a lump of sugar" is a phrase often followed by a present of food. But to believe it can understand an abstract expression, like the famous "By Jove! what a beastly lot of parrots!" is to confound learning by rote with genuine comprehension. A careful review of all the evidence makes almost every scientific observer conclude that at most a parrot knows a word of command as a horse knows "Whoa!" or a dog knows the order to hunt for rats in the wainscot.

From The National Review.

MENSERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

"THE soul of a lacquey" is an expression generally used as a term of opprobrium. It is supposed to denote a certain measure of low cunning and grovelling meanness. Yet the race of lacqueys has always existed, and continues to be looked upon with considerable favor. No large establishment is complete without its staff of menservants; and the ambition of small people tends to the keeping of a male domestic, be he even of the hybrid order called "single-handed." These single-handed men are types of the worst species. They have all the evils and none of the consummate manner and the perfect gentility of the high-class servant; they are generally married men, who have drifted down from a higher estate through drink or other misfortunes; they are slovenly and lazy, and lord it over the widow and the orphan with whom it is their lot to be cast. I remember one of these gentry, a good specimen of his class, and looked upon as a model by his mistress, a widow of my acquaintance. One day he was suddenly dismissed, to the astonishment of her friends, who knew how highly she valued his services. Her explanation of the matter was that a deputation of the maids in the house waited upon her urgently imploring her to send away the treasure; they were tired, they said, of sitting up for him till two or three in the morning whenever she was out of town. They trusted she would dismiss him with

a month's wages, for he had threatened to kill them if they told her, and they firmly believed he would. Single ladies are fearfully tyrannized over by the domestic of this class—the old butler, who decides what they shall drink, how much they shall drink, and how they shall live, and whom they dare not disturb at odd hours, or in the enjoyment of his meals, by ringing the bell or sending him on a message.

"Single-handed" servants do not enter into the generic category of flunkeys of whom Leech made such fun in the pages of *Punch*, and who have been satirized so keenly by Thackeray in his "Diary of Jeames de la Pluche." The latter is a functionary conventionally arrayed in plush breeches and silk stockings, with well-developed calves and a supercilious expression. Several times a day he partakes freely of nourishing food, including a surprising quantity of beer. He has a wholesome contempt for poor people, small families, and genteel poverty; and talks of *us* and *we* in connection with his master. His meals and his pipe appear the be-all and end-all of existence. After, there comes the washing of his head. This has to be done daily (so he avers) in order to prevent the powder he wears from injuring his luxuriant hair. More prosaic persons believe the reason to be that when he walks out he prefers to look the private gentleman all over, rather than show the badge of servitude in his floured head. The *amour propre* of a flunkey is variously compounded. He likes to strut about in a pot-hat, with a light cane and a cut-away coat, and appear as if he had nothing to do. That is one side of his *amour propre*. The other is satisfaction in his calves, his livery, his six feet two, and the fine turnout of his people. He owns to a great deal of vicarious pride in these matters; and whatever may happen, as far as *he* is concerned, he is determined to keep up the credit of the family. He may be seen lounging superciliously on the door-steps of a summer afternoon, his coat thrown back, his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, regarding the passing carriages and their well-dressed occupants with approval, or glaring contemptuously at the small boy with a parcel, and the poor music-mistress who arrives on foot and timidly asks whether the young ladies are at home. The tone of the flunkey is carefully graduated according to what he considers the rank of the caller; and it is sometimes an amusing experience to pay an early visit, plainly dressed, when, after being looked over from head to foot as if you were a

thief or a beggar, you give your card as Lady X., and note the instant change from haughtiness to respectful servility. The philosophy of clothes is a lesson which the flunkey never learns. He always judges you by your rich apparel and your surroundings, rather than by your innate worth and your refined and *distingué* manner, for to him "the tailor makes the man." Jeames considers it a part of his duty to be beautiful. "Sois belle in tu peux, sois sage si tu veux mais sois considérée, il le faut" is his axiom of life. Beauty and uselessness go together, he believes; so he heaps all the duties he can decently delegate, to the housemaid and the odd man (a most useful and necessary appendage to every large establishment). He rises as late as possible; he exerts himself as little as he need; he declines to take up the governess's supper or to clean her boots; and he insists on his own breakfast being brought to him in bed whenever his mistress is out of town. A jolly, lazy, magnificent fellow is the flunkey, though occasionally troubled by some peculiar ailments, which the doctor bluntly attributes to overfeeding, but which Jeames puts down to the unhealthiness of his sleeping apartment and the rarity of his days "out." As he generally spends his days "out" in the comfortable seclusion of the public-house, or in that of the servants' club, they are not always conducive to his good health. Clubs are an immense institution and a great resort of servants. They are of all sorts, from those as exclusive as the Marlborough or Arthur's to others bristling with as many secret rules and regulations as the Freemasons' brotherhood are popularly supposed to enjoy. One ordinary rule is that which makes it imperative on a servant not to stay more than two years in a situation, howsoever comfortable he may be, — a capital way of ensuring what the French police call circulation, and preventing any undue attachment to the household he inhabits *pro tem*.

Although Jeames rigidly keeps up the prestige of the establishment before the outside world, in his own heart and to his intimates of the club he discusses and criticises his employers pretty freely. Their faults, their vices, their tempers, their stinginess, and their folly are nowise extenuated; and to know the real man thoroughly you need only consult his *valet-de-chambre*, whose contempt for his master is equalled by his insolence when he dares. As an instance we may quote the speech of a footman who, when told that his mis-

tress — a lady of fidgety temper and high degree — had rung her bell already several times, calmly replied, as he sipped his glass of beer, "Let her ring!" Kindly contempt sometimes takes the place of insolence, as in the case of the servant who happened to be travelling second-class with a friend of mine. As the train stopped at a station he observed of his master — a well-known magnate — "I must look out here, for my bloke always gets hisself left behind!"

Strange and weird are the traditions of household customs, the etiquette of the back stairs, the precedence of the servants' hall. The incessant squabbles about whose "place" it is to do such and such a thing are so aggravatingly prolonged that an exasperated master was once heard to exclaim, "Well, Thomas, as it's nobody else's business to take up the coals, I suppose it must be mine!" On another occasion the equanimity of a whole family was disturbed by an argument between the footman and the ladies' maid as to the precise position of the lady's boots when brought up-stairs; the footman maintaining it was not his place to put them *inside*, and the maid peremptorily declining to take them from outside the door of the bedroom. The weighty matter could be decided only by the dismissal of both the superfine domestics.

Servants lay special stress on their meals "reg'lar," on an unlimited supply of beer, and on a license to waste and spoil according to their pleasure. We all know and dread the unflinching answer we receive when we request a servant to bring up a plate, or a decanter, or a glass not in ordinary use. "Please, sir, there ain't no more of that set!" thus effectually upsetting your hospitable arrangements and disturbing your equanimity for the day. Or, again, the "book," that instrument of domestic torture, which the manservant politely places on your table once a month, and which swells to undue proportions on the most trivial pretxts. How generous is your servant with your money; how lavishly he tips porters and railway servants; how magnificently he pays the cabmen and the coal-heavers, sending them away rejoicing; what a splendid example of open-handedness and genial benevolence he sets you; and how mean and parsimonious your notions of life are, compared with his!

The family butler or steward, if less beautiful, is perhaps a more practical necessity than the flunkey. In his hands are placed the safe routine and thorough re-

spectability of the establishment. It is he who wields the rod of office, dispenses the hospitality of the wine-cellar, and locks the area gate for fear of thieves. It is he who calls Jeames to order for his forgetfulness and shortcomings, and consults with the housekeeper on weighty matters of state and prudence. He is a magnificent personage, with a figure of ample proportions, and the benign and important expression of an archbishop. He is omniscient at dinner (though at other times generally invisible); he knows your preferences (especially if you have tipped him on the occasion of your last visit); he whispers "Very old brandy" and "Château Margot" confidentially in your ear, and pours you out repeated bumpers of the '74 champagne. He knows all the family gossip; drinks the health of the young ladies and gentlemen, in the housekeeper's room, on their various birthdays; and, having married the ladies'-maid, retires in the prime of life to the sanctities of a comfortable public-house — a blessed ending to many well-spent years.

The man-cook is a specimen of quite another kind. He is an artist, and as such a Bohemian. He is always out, excepting when he is concocting some specially delicate *plat* (the ordinary family dinner being provided by the kitchen-maid); he enjoys a wide liberty denied to the other servants; he stays out late — for is he not assisting his friend Alphonse in the preparation of a banquet at the duke of S.'s, and is not this part of the necessary experience and deftness required in his stock in trade? He is independent, very; he is expensive likewise. While the wages of a flunkey range from £30 to £40, merely the salary of a clerk, the butler's from £80 to £100, the salary of a curate, the wages of a *chef*, including his perquisites, range from £200 to £300 or even £400 a year. As a great *gourmet* once observed, "Good cooking is hygiene, and hygiene is life; who would not pay for life?" The man-cook practises his extortions and raises his demands daily. Year by year Italians and Frenchmen invade our shores, and take possession of our kitchens, wielding their *casseroles* in kingly fashion and ruling obsequious kitchen-maids and scullions with a rod of iron. After a few years they wax fat and retire from the fleshpots of Egypt, with their sausages, their garlic, and their wives, to an old age of comfortable competency in their native land.

The "odd man," like the humble earthworm, is the invisible but necessary

worker that causes silent revolutions in the machinery of the universe. He cleans knives and boots, carries coals, and does everything disagreeable and arduous for everybody else. He gets cursed and sworn at; he rises early and goes late to rest; all the misdemeanors of the household are laid on his patient back; he does the work of two menservants and is paid half the wages of one. He bears his apparently miserable life with equanimity and possesses his soul in patience, snatching such mundane consolations as he can in the shape of a few poor perquisites for his sick mother or his little brothers and sisters at home, knowing (sturdy lad of six feet that he is!) that the day will come when he in his turn may taste the joys of prosperity, may lord it over the others, lie in bed in the morning, smoke the pipe of peace, and chuck the housemaid unrepentedly under the chin when he meets her on the staircase. These are the prizes and honors of service to be looked forward to — the rewards which sweeten toil and console a man for the insolence, the hardships, and the overbearing demeanor it is his temporary lot to endure.

Perhaps the king of domestics, while he is certainly the pleasantest, the most useful, and the smartest of officials, is the valet, or gentleman's gentleman. A very butterfly, the Figaro of existence is he; gay, gallant, fascinating in the eyes of ladies'-maids, and agreeable in the sight of their mistresses. Generally the trusted *confidant* of his employer, a lively bachelor like himself, he mentally divides the world into two sections — his master and his friends, and the rest of the world. He knows all about his employer's intrigues; he carries his notes; he purchases his flowers; he visits in the same country, houses and is familiar with all the sporting gossip of his set. He describes to the admiring audience down-stairs how "well we went in the good thing from Ranksborough Gorse," how "we cut them all down in the Brigade Cup at Sandown," how "we killed the biggest stag in the duke's forest." He has associated with "smart" people and the "*crème de la crème*" until he has entirely forgotten he is not one of them by birth. He receives high wages, of course; he lives in the lap of luxury; he is selfish and untruthful occasionally; but he is an invaluable person. His memory is like unto Macaulay's; he never forgets a single port-manteau or bag or hat-box; he reads "Bradshaw" excellently; he takes the tickets, and, tipping the guard efficiently,

secures a reserved railway compartment; he brings his master tea or brandy and soda at the stations; he engages the only fly at their destination; he has everything unpacked and ready by the time his master leisurely strolls up-stairs to dress. He is a factotum in a hundred. He has the soul of a perfect army commissariat; he lays his plans in advance; he caters like an old campaigner; he is as reserved as Macchiavelli. A word or a glance is sufficient; he understands the merest nod. He ingratiate himself with the maids belonging to the ladies his master—or, as he prefers to call him, "the guv'nor"—admires; he knows their taste in flowers, their style of dress, their peculiar idiosyncracies and flirtations. He looks after "the guv'nor's" interests in a fatherly way, and advises him to pay an occasional visit to the paternal home, or reminds him to write to his mother and sisters. All this he does without any undue expressions of familiarity, though he may venture occasionally on a word of advice. He has always the same noiseless step and perfect sleekness and politeness of manner, the same absolute good temper and gentleness of tone, with the same subservency and perfection of voice, the same ardor and energy in his work. Your boots are polished till you can see your face in them; ties are carefully arranged; clothes are ironed; and brushed hats are glossy; the buttonhole is laid out invitingly; hot water is to your hand; your slippers lie in front of the fire; and the obsequious valet stands ready. Who would grudge so many guineas a year for service like this? If he smokes your cigars, your loose cash may lie about freely; he will not touch it. You who are so careless with your studs and sleeve-links and pins possess an attendant who counts and looks after them. If he occasionally helps himself to a glass or two of wine, he pays your bills punctually and in order. If he uses bad language to his inferiors, and haughtily calls the steward's-room boy an idiot, have you never sworn at him when you were in a hurry and your shirts were not sufficiently starched, or the exact brickdust red of your tops not quite to your taste? If he diverges from the truth occasionally, can you expect him to do violence to his real nature always, to be forever smiling, handy, and obliging, and never to suffer from the toothache or the heartache? Is he a hypocrite? Yes; he is paid for it. Does he feather his own nest amply?—have you not yourself taught him the value of number one?

The gentleman's gentleman remains an unique specimen of high civilization acting upon a naturally uneducated nature. There is veneer, but no real value underneath. Yet, take him all in all, the gentleman's gentleman is agreeable to live with, easy to manage, unobtrusively useful, faithful as far as his lights go, devoted to what he thinks your interest and his, amiable and good-tempered, light-hearted and ready-witted. What better can we say of most of our friends?

The gamekeeper, who is not exactly a domestic servant, is yet a functionary of immense importance. Unless he is conciliated by largesses and sympathetically inclined towards you, you will fare badly in your attempts at sport. He will put you in the coolest corners, station you in the outlying boxes at the grouse drive, send you to tramp through the useless spinneys, and generally weary and discourage you. Especially are you in the hands of the forester in a Scotch deer forest. He may do as he likes with you if he bears you a grudge, or merely serve his master docilely, as that one did who asked a titled employer, "Will I give the gentleman a walk or a shot to-day?" Some of these men, born and bred on the hills, and living amidst the grandest and wildest of scenery, possess a keen, homely wit, which renders them interesting companions, and an innate courtesy and refinement of feeling that stamps them as a very different race from the mercenary and unscrupulous town servants. Many are the stories related of their good-natured contempt for the ignorance and clumsiness of the enterprising Saxon, audaciously confident in his skill and helpless as a child in the hands of his guide. Note the sarcastic reply of the stalker, after having swept the hillside with his glass and reported that some stags were on the horizon, to the foolish question of a gentleman, "Such a distance off—how do you know they are stags?" "Stags has horns!" or the curt and pregnant answer of the forester to the despairing tyro who, while a shining light in the political world, yet carefully and persistently missed the easiest shots all through the day, when he piteously inquired, "What is the reason I cannot hit the deer?" "Eh, mon, it's well there's beef in Aberdeen!" On another occasion a poor unfortunate sportsman, in his anxiety to do the right thing, apologetically exclaimed, "I was so afraid of haunching him, I shot at his head." "Deed," said his companion shortly, "that was no airthly use." A book might

be written about the shrewd sayings of gamekeepers and their acute judgments of the superior beings committed to their charge; but it would be somewhat straying from the lines of this paper to enlarge further on such an interesting topic. Suffice it to say that tips to gamekeepers, ungrudgingly rendered by the votaries of the chase, form no inconsiderable item in the expenses of a popular and impecunious young man. The whole system of fees to servants demands revision. It amounts, in large establishments, to a system of blackmail; for many are the unwritten penalties of the law to which the unwary visitor exposes himself if he tries to evade them, or is known to be what servants call "mean." He is ill-served, ill-treated with neglect by the butler in his official capacity as cup-bearer, with civil contempt by the coachman, and calm indifference by the footman. He is, as it were, boycotted; and his name is inscribed on the tablets of the book as one of those who, when they enter palatial mansions, must leave all hope behind them. If, on the contrary, he is, in the language of the servants' hall, a "real" gentleman, he may bid good-bye to carking care. His bed will be a bed of roses; the coachman touches his hat with a grin as he meets him at the station with the cosy brougham instead of the dogcart; the footman flies to help him out and carry his dressing-case and hat-box; the butler greets him with a kindly inquiry after his health, or a "Glad to see you back again, sir;" the housemaid makes up his fire to the best of her ability, and brings in his hot water punctually; he feels that he is among friends; the warm atmosphere of gratitude and affection pleasantly encompasses him.

Our servants are our severest critics, our sternest mentors; they read our letters; they examine our weekly bills; they judge our expenditure; they are posted up in all our affairs. If we are lavish and indifferent, and don't inquire, but leave matters pretty much in their hands, they serve us willingly and call us good masters and mistresses. *Laisses-fair* is their highest idea of employers' morality, and a "masterly inactivity" meets their full approval. Then, and then only, will they condescend to smooth the crumpled rose-leaves in our paths and study all those comforts of home—that refined elegance, that delicate art of living—which makes an English house the perfection of luxurious order. It is for the enjoyment of these unique privileges, and on the express understanding that we shut our eyes

to the old-established rights of tips, perquisites, followers, and hangers-on, that Englishmen cheerfully forego the independence of the foreigner, the economy of a small staff of servants, and the superior advantage of expending one's income on one's self and not on one's servants. The French, who know how to obtain the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of expense, often wonder at our allowing ourselves to be eaten out of house and home by an army of idle, extravagant retainers. There are several reasons for this. The arrangement of English houses necessitates more domestics, owing to the number of stairs and the constant ringing of the front and area door bells. (The latter a tax on time and labor entirely removed by the visits of the white-capped French cooks, basket on arm, to the *marché*.) Then, everybody in England considers it his privilege to have some other person to wait upon him. The cook requires a kitchen-maid, the butler a footman, the coachman a helper or groom, and so on *ad infinitum*. The delightful simplicity of the French *ménage*—with its cook, its *valet-de-chambre*, and its *femme-de-chambre*, sufficing for all reasonable wants—continues to be ignored in this country. And truly it would here be impossible to find the cleanly, active *bonne*, who cooks her dinner over the stove in the adjoining kitchen, and carries it in her hands, smoking hot, to the guests in the dining-room. Often have I assisted at such a family repast in Paris; and never do I wish for a better, though on these occasions there were six people at table, and the apartment was a small one. Such things, however, are out of the question in England, and I dare say service in France has its own special drawbacks too. No English mistress, for example, would sanction the independence, the familiarity (sometimes critically affectionate), or the calm annexation of the *sou du franc* perquisite in her Mary Jane. No! our servants belong to our climate like our Christmas fogs, our roast beef, and our cricket. Perfect service can be had at a perfect price; those who keep many menservants, and do not count the cost, fare well and sumptuously. As for the rest of us, the employers of one or two menservants, the plagues and idols of our homes, there is nothing to be done but for us to be very kind and indulgent to them, and blandly to hope they will return the compliment. There is a dignity, a solemnity, and a pretentiousness about flunkies that English people will never dare to dispense with.

VIOLET GREVILLE

From Temple Bar.
AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF MASSENA.

THE fascinating memoirs of General Marbot* throw a flood of light on the campaigns of the great Napoleon and his marshals which will be invaluable for future historians. As the aide-de-camp of Augereau, Lannes, and Massena, he had unequalled opportunities of observing and judging correctly. We see Napoleon at his best in his intercourse with his officers and soldiers. The characters of the marshals are wonderfully portrayed in their strength and their weakness. We know them now. Before we read Marbot they were shadows. How they did quarrel! We see the selfish Bernadotte, instead of succoring Davoust at the battle of Auerstadt, where he was engaged against tremendous odds, coolly ordering his soldiers to make their soup. The heroic Lannes, the Roland of the army, having been all day under the fire of three hundred cannon at Aspern, by way of finishing the evening, proposed to fight a duel with the detested Marshal Bessières. Ney, in Portugal, defied his chief, Marshal Massena, and had to be removed from his command. Junot declined to assist Ney at the battle of Valoutina. What a wonderful portrait is given of Saint Cyr, who had met with great success as an actor in early life! He was equally fortunate as a soldier, and possessed great military talents. When only general he was serving under the brave but unskilful Marshal Oudinot, who, when he got into a mess, always inquired of Saint Cyr what he should do. The only answer he received was "*Monseigneur Le Maréchal!*"—as much as to say, "How can such a poor creature as I am give advice to the great Marshal Oudinot!" When Oudinot was wounded, Saint Cyr took the command, made an admirable disposition of his troops, beat the Russians, and was made marshal by Napoleon. When Oudinot returned, Saint Cyr departed. Marbot tells us that Saint Cyr passed most of his time in playing the fiddle.

How vivid is the description of battles in these memoirs, especially that of Wagram; the contending hosts meeting in a vast plain, whilst the steeples and roofs of Vienna, the country houses, and the hills were covered with a vast assembly of spectators, who waved frantically their hats and handkerchiefs as they saw their splen-

did cavalry drive in wild confusion the left wing of the French army to the Danube. Every one anticipated victory, but the Prince de Ligne, entertaining at his country house a party of the aristocracy to view the battle, observed: "Do not rejoice yet, in a quarter of an hour Prince Charles will be beaten, for he has no *reserves*; and you see the masses of Napoleon encumber the plain."

Great men have lived since, as before, the time of Agamemnon, whose names are unknown because they have not had the good fortune to find a bard or historian to celebrate their exploits. There was a young aide-de-camp of Massena present at the battle of Wagram, whose name we never heard of before, but whose brief but glorious career, as described by Marbot, was of such extraordinary merit that we hope we may be pardoned in attempting to give a summary of it for the benefit of the readers of *Temple Bar*.

Charles d'Escorches de Sainte Croix, son of the Marquis de Sainte Croix, who was formerly ambassador at Constantinople in the reign of Louis XVI., the first aide-de-camp of Massena during the campaign of Wagram, was undoubtedly the most brilliant young officer in the French army. His early inclination was for a military career, but his family desiring that he should adopt the profession of his father, placed him in the Foreign Office, under the auspices of M. de Talleyrand. As long as the peace of Amiens lasted, Sainte Croix remained quietly at his post, but on its rupture his military instincts revived; and although his age (twenty-three) prevented him from entering a military college, a fortunate circumstance allowed him to follow the career he so much longed for.

Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, desiring to attach to his service some *émigrés* and young nobles who would not enter into military service as privates, conceived the idea of forming regiments on the model of the Swiss and German troops who formed part of the army during the *ancien régime*. Six thousand of the finest soldiers, taken prisoners at the battle of Austerlitz, were chosen to form part of the two new regiments; the first of which was to be commanded by the nephew of the celebrated La Tour d'Auvergne, the second by the Prince d'Issembourg, a great noble from Germany. Before the formation of this new force Napoleon requested Talleyrand to search in the archives of the Foreign Office for the regulations which prevailed during the

* We are authorized by Messrs. Longman to say that a translation of General Marbot's work will be published by them early in the spring.

reign of the Bourbons, with respect to the engagement of foreign troops.

Talleyrand, well aware of the military tastes of Sainte Croix, gave him the task of preparing a report on the subject for the consideration of the emperor. Napoleon was delighted with the *mémoire* presented by Sainte Croix, which not only traced the history of ancient foreign regiments, but proposed modifications which Sainte Croix thought necessary. Without even seeing him, the emperor nominated him *chef de bataillon*, and shortly afterwards major in the regiment, commanded by La Tour d'Auvergne. This promotion bitterly offended Monsieur de M——, a cousin of the Empress Joséphine, who challenged Sainte Croix on a most frivolous pretext, and a duel ensued. Monsieur de M——, well skilled in arms of all kinds, and confident as to the result, was accompanied by a cavalcade of friends, who waited outside the cluster of trees in the Bois de Boulogne, where the duel took place. The result was that Sainte Croix shot the cousin of the empress dead. The second of Monsieur de M——, horrified at this unexpected event, rushed out of the wood and, without mounting his horse, ran away in the direction of Paris. The cavalcade of friends dismounted and entered into the clump, but found no one there but the body of the unfortunate duellist. They discovered their friend had not only been shot in the breast, but there was also a wound at the back of his head caused by falling on a stump. They immediately accused Sainte Croix of not only shooting their friend in the breast, but that he had also fractured his head with the butt of the pistol. Leaving the wood, the cavalcade was re-formed, and, no doubt swearing and gesticulating as only Frenchmen can, they rode to St. Cloud to inform the empress that her cousin had been murdered! The empress demanded justice from the emperor. Sainte Croix was arrested, and it would have gone hard with him but for the interference of Fouché, who, being a friend of the family of Sainte Croix, knew well how incapable the young officer was of committing so base a deed. Fouché ordered a search to be made for the fugitive's second, who was discovered in the country, and, when brought back to Paris, at once declared that the duel had been a loyal one, and of course Sainte Croix was released and joined his regiment, which was then in Italy.

The Colonel La Tour d'Auvergne was devoid of military knowledge. It was the

Major Sainte Croix who organized the regiment with such zeal that he made it one of the finest in the army. He served with great distinction in the suppression of the revolt in Calabria, and acquired the esteem of Massena, who quickly recognized his great talents; and when recalled from south Italy, to take part in the campaign of Friedland, contrary to the regulations of the army, he took Sainte Croix with him.

Napoleon, remembering the death of the cousin of the empress, received Sainte Croix coldly, and blamed Massena for removing him from his regiment.

There was another reason, we are told, for Napoleon's dislike of Sainte Croix. The emperor, though himself of small stature, had a predilection for tall men of martial appearance. Now Sainte Croix was small, thin, fair, with a charming feminine figure; but under that frail exterior was to be found a boundless ambition, an iron will, a courage truly heroic, and, what is most essential in a commander of men, *une activité dévorante*. The emperor, though recognizing the great qualities of Sainte Croix, did nothing for him after this campaign; but on the war against Austria breaking out in 1809, Massena, who was recalled from Italy to command an army corps, demanded that Sainte Croix should accompany him as his aide-de-camp. This request was granted.

In one of the battles which occurred on the march to Vienna, Sainte Croix took a standard from the enemy, and the emperor made him colonel. He performed prodigies of valor, and showed a rare intelligence at the battle of Essling. After the retreat, caused by the breaking of the bridges of the Danube, into the Isle of Lobau, the services of Sainte Croix became so valuable that, although only first aide-de-camp of Massena, he acted as the chief of the staff of the *corps d'armée* which defended that precarious position. Napoleon, who was in a state of great anxiety lest the Archduke Charles should attack the island, passed seven or eight hours every day in visiting the fortifications he was erecting, and Massena, already a little broken, not being able to accompany him, it was Sainte Croix who became the daily companion and adviser of the emperor. After a hard day's work he accompanied Napoleon to the palace of Schönbrunn, then returning to the island, after a few moments' repose, passed all the nights in visiting the different posts. At break of day he was ordered to be in the bedchamber of the emperor to report

his night's work. For forty-four days, during an appalling heat, this delicate-looking young officer endured this tremendous strain without relaxing one moment in his duty.

Napoleon conceived such a high idea of the value of Sainte Croix's opinion on great military questions that he constantly invited him to be present at the conferences which he held with the Marshals Massena and Berthier. The great question was how to cross the small arm of the Danube in face of the fortifications which the archduke had erected at Essling and Aspern. Sainte Croix advised that they should be turned by executing the passage at Stadt-Enzersdorff. This proposition was adopted. General Becker, the chief of Massena's staff, disapproved of Sainte Croix's plan, but he was quickly sent off to France in disgrace. Napoleon was so enchanted with his new favorite that he said to the Russian envoy: "Since I commanded armies I have never met with an officer more capable, who comprehends better my ideas, and who executes them so well. He reminds me of Lannes and Desaix. Thus, unless a thunderbolt strikes him, France and Europe will be astonished at the career I will open for him."

The three favorites of Napoleon were Lasalle, the famous cavalry general, Junot, and Rapp. Two of these, *mauvais sujets*, Lasalle and Junot, were always coming to the emperor to relate their follies, and ask him to pay their debts, which he always did. Sainte Croix never abused the favor shown to him. One day, as he was walking arm in arm with Napoleon on the sands of the Island of Lobau, Napoleon said to him: "I recollect that after the duel with my wife's cousin I wanted to shoot you; I allow it would have been a fault and a very great misfortune." "That is true," answered Sainte Croix; "but now that your Majesty knows me better, you would not exchange me for one of the cousins of the empress?" "Say for *all*," was the reply of Napoleon.

Another day, when Sainte Croix arrived at the Palace of Schönbrunn, Napoleon, whilst drinking a glass of water drawn from the celebrated fountain, asked Sainte Croix whether he was fond of fresh water. "*Ma foi*, no," said Sainte Croix; "I prefer a good glass of claret or champagne." The emperor turned to his valet and said: "You will send to the colonel a hundred bottles of claret and the same quantity of champagne." The mules of the emperor brought their precious burden to the Isle

of Lobau, and the aides-de-camp of Massena that evening drank with enthusiasm to the health of their emperor.

Napoleon was adored by his soldiers. There is an amusing account of an altercation between him and an old soldier, who demanded the Cross of the Legion of Honor because he had once given a melon to General Bonaparte during the frightful heats of the desert. Napoleon thanked him again for his melon, but declined to decorate him on that ground. The soldier, in a paroxysm of passion, cried out: "*Eh*, you count for nothing seven wounds received at the bridge of Arcole, at Lodi, Castiglione, the Pyramids, St. Jean d'Acre, Austerlitz, Friedland, eleven campaigns in Egypt, Austria, Prussia—"

"*Ta, ta, ta*," said the emperor, "how you storm; you ought to have begun with this story, which is worth more than your melon. I make you *Chevalier de l'Empire* with a dotation of twelve hundred francs. Are you content?" "Sire, I prefer the cross," was the answer. It was with great difficulty the old soldier was made to understand that the cross went with the title of chevalier. At last Napoleon took the cross and placed it himself on his breast, and the veteran went away contented.

It was determined by Napoleon and Massena that an attempt should be made, on the evening of the 4th of July, to surprise Enzersdorff. Napoleon proposed that a colonel, with twenty-five hundred of his best troops, should pass the Danube and seize the town. Sainte Croix demanded that he should take the command. Napoleon granted his claim with pleasure. In the middle of a tremendous thunderstorm, Sainte Croix, with his Grenadiers, crossed the Danube and stormed the fortified town, after a desperate fight with the Croats who guarded the place. Sainte Croix, always at the head of his men, performed prodigies of valor and skill. The French army then rapidly passed over the eight bridges, and the archduke, who imagined that the passage would be attempted between Aspern and Essling, was stupefied to behold, on the morning of the 5th of July, Napoleon and his one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, with six hundred pieces of artillery, in battle array. The archduke, finding his position turned, was obliged to retreat in every direction in order to form a new one.

At the battle of Wagram, Massena, in consequence of a fall from his horse, appeared in a carriage drawn by four grey horses. The Austrians, rightly imagining that the occupant was a great personage,

directed a concentrated fire in that direction. The aides-de-camp had a lively time of it. Sainte Croix, hitherto unharmed, received a severe wound in the leg, and was removed to Vienna, where he remained in bed for many weeks. Napoleon showed his appreciation of Sainte Croix's services by making him, after hardly four years' service, general of brigade, count of the empire, with a dotation of twenty thousand francs yearly, grand cross of the order of Hesse, and commander of that of Baden.

During the illness of Sainte Croix a curious circumstance occasioned a slight coolness between him and Massena. The coachman and postilion of Massena had been personally complimented by Napoleon for remaining unmoved in such a storm of fire, and he told Massena that he considered them the bravest men in the battle, for they were under no obligation to expose themselves. He would have rewarded their zeal, but he feared he might hurt the feelings of Massena. Napoleon need not have been anxious about that. One day Massena and his aides-de-camp were sitting by the bed of Sainte Croix when Massena announced he was about to give his faithful servants twenty pounds each. Marbot, rather maliciously, said he thought twenty pounds a year for each in *rentes viagères* would satisfy them. At the mention of this terrific sum, Massena, who had only forty-five thousand a year, roared like a tigress whose cubs were attacked. "Wretch!" he cried out, "you want to ruin me." Sainte Croix expressed strongly his opinion that the twenty pounds must be paid yearly. Another aide-de-camp, a most distinguished officer—De Ligniville, a member of one of the four great families of Lorraine, allied to the house of Hapsburg (it is characteristic that after the battle of Wagram the emperor of Austria sent an officer with a flag of truce to express a hope that his *cousin* had not suffered any harm)—declared that to give them only twenty pounds each would be unworthy of the character of the marshal. Massena, on hearing this, ran about the room breaking the furniture, and screamed out: "You want to ruin me; I would rather see you all shot, and receive myself a ball through the arm, than sign a dotation of twenty pounds a year in *rentes viagères*. Go, all of you to the devil!" In the end, fearing the wrath of Napoleon, the marshal unwillingly paid the twenty pounds a year.

General Marbot blames Napoleon for

not himself proceeding, after the Austrian campaign, to Spain, in order to stamp out the insurrection; but the emperor was at that time too occupied with his divorce from Joséphine and the subsequent negotiations for his re-marriage. It was in the autumn of 1810 that Massena, *L'enfant chéri de la victoire*, was directed to march on Lisbon, and expel the English from the Peninsula. The Duke of Wellington has often stated that Massena gave him more trouble than any other marshal, but it was only the shadow of the great Massena that Wellington had to deal with. *Cherchez la femme!* Although there was a Madame la Maréchale and a large family, Massena was accompanied by a certain Madame X—, who seems to have been one of the chief causes of the failure of the campaign. On Massena's arrival at the palace at Valladolid, then inhabited by the Duc and Duchesse d'Abrantès, a painful scene took place, for although Junot kissed the hand of his chief's *innamorata* (in his capacity of an old hussar, as he afterwards explained), the duchess reared at the sight of her unexpected guest. Nothing is more astonishing than the follies which a silly woman can make an elderly admirer commit. So Massena consented to the demand of Madame X—, that she should accompany him on horseback through the mountains of Portugal. What makes the matter worse was that his amiable son, Prosper Massena, was with him as aide-de-camp. Even in the days when "Louis Quatorze kept about him in scores what the *noblesse* in courtesy called his Jane Shores—they were called by a far coarser name out of doors"—such a scandal could not have happened. M. Thiers, who had never read the memoirs of Marbot, else his history would have been considerably altered, calls Madame X— "a courtesan," a coarse word. But he was quite unaware of the pranks she indulged in, which had the most disastrous influence on the plan of campaign against the *célèbre Wellington*.

Ladies in camp are not generally a success. The lovely Chryseis and the fair Briseis did not improve the prospects of the Greek army by causing a painful misunderstanding between Agamemnon, king of men, and Achilles, swift of foot. Madame X— was the cause of a quarrel between Massena and his generals. At the beginning of the campaign in Portugal Massena nearly lost the whole of his artillery by sending it without an efficient guard, and it was only saved by a miracle from falling into the clutches of Brigadier

Trant and his Portuguese. Marshals Ney and Junot, General Reynier, and Montbrun, who commanded the cavalry, immediately went to remonstrate with General Fririon, the chief of the staff; but to their surprise they were assured that he was entirely ignorant of the artillery march, everything having been arranged between Massena and Commander Pelet, his first aide-de-camp. Upon this a stormy interview took place with the commander-in-chief; but Massena succeeded in pacifying them, and asked them to partake of a banquet, the table for which was laid in a lemon grove. Massena then, with incredible folly, sent for Madame X—, and asked Ney to hand her to the table. Ney nearly exploded; however, he gave the tips of his fingers to Madame X—, but never opened his lips to her, and confined his conversation to Montbrun. Upon this the hysterical lady's nerves gave way, and she went off in a fainting fit. Ney and the others went off too, loudly expressing their disgust at the conduct of their chief. Even the reprobate Junot held up his hands with horror at such an outrage. Massena's march was delayed by the fatigues of his companion; he stayed for a week at Viscu, a delay which no military man could understand. When he arrived at Mortagoa, instead of inspecting the position of Lord Wellington, he was searching for a lodging for Madame X—. M. Thiers states that the presence of the lady in a carriage had a bad effect amongst the troops. She was obliged to ride on horseback on account of the rocky roads, and in the retreat from Santarem she kept tumbling off her horse, and was at last obliged to be carried by Grenadiers, whilst Massena kept exclaiming, "What a fault I have committed in bringing a woman to the war!" *Quelle faute!* The unfortunate General Vandamme, before his catastrophe at Kulm, was always impressing on his officers the maxim, "Il n'y a point de petite faute à la guerre; un seul instant suffit pour faire perdre le fruit de plusieurs années d'utiles et glorieux services."

When Massena at last came before the position of the English at Busaco, where his army had been placed by Ney, he made but the slightest inspection of the mountain, and said, "I shall be here at daybreak to-morrow, and we will attack," and then, to the stupefaction of the army, he returned to Mortagoa.

"Oh, for one hour of Sainte Croix!" was the cry of the aides-de-camp of Mas-

sena; but the "good genius" of his chief was now commanding a cavalry brigade and escorting a convoy. On their ride back with Massena to Mortagoa Generals Fririon, Marbot, and Ligniville, by conversation amongst themselves, tried to impress on the mind of Massena the danger of attacking an impregnable position whilst it might be easily turned. Massena was struck with their remarks, and in the night sent his aides-de-camp to find out if there were a road by which a flank march might be successfully carried into execution. Marbot and Ligniville galloped off to search, and soon discovered a gardener, who stated that there was a road from Mortagoa to Boialva which would completely turn the position of Busaco. But when they returned with this good news for Massena, they found his mentor, Pelet, with him, who stoutly expressed his disbelief in there being a road, because he with a telescope surveyed the country without discovering any signs of one.

Massena's habitual hesitation began. In vain did General Fririon, his chief of the staff, and the two aides-de-camp supplicate their commander not to risk a defeat. Commander Pelet ruled the mind of the marshal. Pelet was a geographical engineer officer, and had at this time no knowledge of the *pratique* of war. He was a great theorist, as is shown in the books he has written; but theory is one thing, and practice another. Hannibal, after hearing a theorist lecturing on the art of war, exclaimed: "Many an old fool have I heard, but such as this never!" Pelet, although afterwards he performed distinguished services, was certainly by his advice on this occasion one of the causes of the failure of the campaign. The next morning, the 27th of September, at daybreak Massena proceeded to inspect the position at Busaco. When he saw it he said to Fririon and Marbot, "There was some good in your proposition of yesterday;" and they got him again to change his mind and adopt the turning movement, when Ney, Reynier, and Commander Pelet interrupted the conversation. Massena, after some hesitation, again changed his mind. Of course the result was that the troops of Wellington, admirably disposed, repulsed the French with frightful loss. Four thousand five hundred of the soldiers of Austerlitz and Friedland were killed or wounded. A great controversy immediately took place, Ney and the other generals throwing the blame on Massena. Ney insisted on an immediate retreat into

Spain. This Massena very properly refused, but the army was torn with the dissensions of their chiefs.

In the middle of the confusion the "good genius" of Massena, the young Sainte Croix, arrived, and the state of affairs being communicated to him by his chief, Sainte Croix strongly advised him to resume the project of turning the position. Massena assented, and Sainte Croix, with his *activité dévorante*, was soon in the saddle, galloping with Ligniville and Marbot in search of the gardener of the convent, who was engaged as a guide, and laughed at the idea of there not being a road to Boialva. Sainte Croix, with his brigade of dragoons, opened the march, the other troops followed, for Massena, stimulated by Sainte Croix, had spoken as a commander and chief should to his subordinates. Through the night of the 28th of September Sainte Croix continued his march to Boialva, and the position of Busaco was turned. Lord Wellington, on the evening of the 29th, became aware of the French movement. "He looked at the distant columns," writes General Napier, "with great earnestness, his countenance bore a fierce, angry expression, and, suddenly mounting his horse, he rode away without speaking; one hour afterwards the whole camp was in movement."

It was time, for Sainte Croix with his dragoons was rapidly approaching the great city of Coimbra, whose inhabitants, after illuminating for the battle of Busaco, were horrified to hear that the French army, instead of retreating, was advancing in force. A scene of wild confusion ensued, thousands of fugitives followed and encumbered the British army when it retreated through the town. Sainte Croix attacked the rearguard with success before Coimbra; Massena arrived at Coimbra and stayed there three days instead of pursuing the English army, on the pretext that the corps of Junot and Ney were in confusion owing to their repulse at Busaco. "Sainte Croix led the advance to Lisbon," M. Thiers writes, "with as much bravery as skill;" but on its arrival on the Tagus the French army was horrified to find, instead of an easy entrance to Lisbon, the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. Marbot writes — we know not on what authority — that Lord Hill has declared that if the French had attacked in the first ten days they would have been successful. There is no doubt there was considerable confusion in the English army, Craufurd and his division lost their way, and part of the lines were for a time undefended.

Sainte Croix recommended an immediate attack. Unfortunately for Massena and France, the young general, the rising hope of the French army, so bright in his promise, was, whilst reconnoitring the lines near Alhandra, killed by a cannon-ball. The thunderbolt struck the hero, who would have been marshal, duke, prince!

After his death Massena sent Marbot and Ligniville to report whether an attack was practicable. On their return they informed Massena that it was, as they had found several weak spots where the fortifications had not been finished. Massena, roused by this information, determined to make the attempt, and was supported by Junot and Montbrun. Ney and Reynier violently opposed the marshal's opinion, and Ney, on receiving his orders, positively refused to execute them. There was no Sainte Croix to support Massena, and he gave way to the disobedience of his subordinates.

The other day at Vienna the remains of the famous cavalry general, Lassalle, killed at Wagram, were escorted with great ceremony by the Austrian troops on their way to Paris. We suppose the body of the young Sainte Croix lies in an unknown grave; but if it were possible to disinter it, a fitting receptacle might be found for it in the vicinity of the tomb of the great emperor whom he loved and served so well.

From The Economist.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S WAR WITH DISBELIEF.

THE German emperor at length appears to be taxing the loyalty of his subjects by an overstrained use of his personal prerogative. He has contracted the idea, it would seem, not uncommon among the clergy of our own country, that Anarchism, Socialism, and the like are due mainly to the spread of irreligious opinions, and that they can be counteracted by giving a definitely religious bias to primary instruction throughout the hereditary kingdom. He has accordingly introduced into the Prussian Parliament a bill on education, having two definite objects: One is to compel all parents of strongly sceptical or Atheistic views to allow their children to be educated by Christians, among Christians, and in Christian principles; and another is to restore the general influence of the clergy over religious education. By a series of clauses drawn

with considerable adroitness, what would be called in England the conscience clause is got rid of as regards all parents of negative opinions. All children, it is declared, must attend classes for definite religious instruction, though the parents if they belong to any acknowledged "confession," that is, denomination recognized and registered by the State authorities, may settle what this instruction is to be. That seems perfectly fair, especially as any sixty families living in one school district can insist upon a separate building—a provision which will prove exceedingly costly in districts with mixed beliefs; but, unfortunately, Anarchists, Socialists, Atheists and the like avoid registering themselves as belonging to any "confession" whatever. Their children will therefore be brought up as Christians, that is, in Protestant districts as Lutherans, and in Catholic districts as Catholics, education of some sort being, of course, compulsory. This is felt by all these classes, who together dispose of some five hundred thousand votes, as exceedingly arbitrary, and has been strenuously denounced, especially by the Jewish orators, who all over the Continent make themselves the spokesmen of what they describe as unrestricted religious liberty. Herr Eugen Richter, for example, condemns the bill utterly, as, in fact, containing a military word of command to all children that they be not Atheists, under penalties. That is perfectly true, but then, as it is also perfectly obvious, and is admitted almost in words by Count Caprivi, who spoke on the subject with unwonted acerbity, the argument would not of itself suffice to defeat the bill, more especially as the majority are rather disposed to treat the anti-social parties as in some sense outcasts. The Liberals, therefore, with great adroitness, are availing themselves of certain other clauses in the bill, the motive for which is not so readily intelligible. It is probable that the emperor and his advisers desire strongly, on political grounds, to conciliate the Papacy, and possible that they think the separation of the clergy from the work of State education socially injurious. They have consequently in the bill authorized the fullest interference of the clergy of all recognized denominations, not only allowing them to be present in the schools whenever religious instruction is conveyed, but permitting them to rebuke and revise any such instruction, should they deem the lay teachers to be wandering from the true path. Prussian Liberals hardly know how to bear this.

Even when they have no sympathy whatever with negative religious opinions, they share that jealous dislike of the clerical order, as persons hostile to science and enlightenment, which is common all over the Continent, and their leaders consequently use this feeling to defeat the bill as fatal to modern progress. So great is the storm that three cabinet ministers will, it is believed, resign, and it was at first believed that the government majority, which is very steady in the Prussian Parliament, would disappear. As a consequence, however, of some secret negotiations with the National Liberals, or Imperialist fraction of the party, this disaster for the government will, it is believed, be avoided, and the bill, though modified in committee, probably will go through.

We cannot but think, nevertheless, that the emperor has committed his first great mistake. It is essential to his plans as well as to his personal power that he should be a favorite with the masses of his people of all opinions, and he has on this matter allied himself with the reactionaries. That would not matter much as regards the anti-social section of his people, for they are detested or dreaded by the majority with a bitterness which is almost fatal to abstract justice, and which has produced strong repressive laws; but it does matter as regards the new position given to the clergy. That is unpopular with a majority of Protestants, who prefer education to be in lay hands as a guarantee for its efficiency, and who foresee that the clergy, if allowed to interfere during one hour of the day, will make themselves felt during all hours, and is not cordially liked even in the Roman Catholic districts. A great number of persons there, though they never oppose their priesthood as regards education, which every Roman Catholic admits to involve matters of faith and morals, are pleased to see them deprived of effective power in the schools, and know that if re-admitted they will at once become the dictators of the teachers' opinions. The emperor is considered, therefore, to have taken a retrograde step, and though he cannot be resisted, will lose much of prestige as the sovereign who, though he claims too much of political initiative, still uses it to promote modern ideas, and especially to render the position of the poor more than tolerable to themselves. He will be considered a man who holds the old opinion that religion is a necessary support of thrones, and who in reality is thinking not of the welfare of

his subjects, but of that kind of social order which tends most to strengthen his own authority. The suspicion is probably unjust, the emperor, who is a pious man, being mainly influenced by a dislike of Atheism, and cultivating clerical influence only in order to obtain support in his crusade against it; but still, most Englishmen will perceive that he has committed an error. The conviction of the modern world that religion is a matter of individual conscience, and unless the law is broken or civilized morality disregarded—as, for example, by a sect inculcating, as one Russian sect does, the duty of suicide—it should be left alone by the State, may hereafter be subject to revision; but at all events it exists now, and that in so strong a form as to be the basis of a vast mass of modern legislation. To reject it, and declare war on it, is therefore to quarrel with the modern spirit, and to lose the support of all those, usually a majority, who look forward and not backward, and to excite a sympathy for the anti-social parties as men unjustly used. These latter have hitherto been considered as common enemies all over the Continent, so much so, that in Spain a premier has just announced his intention of shooting them down without evoking any European horror, but now they must in Germany be regarded as allies of the Liberals upon a single but important branch of politics. This is an injurious result, and one that will be increasingly visible as the immense departure from Liberal principles which the Prussian bill involves becomes more clearly perceived. There is no guarantee that the emperor will always be a man who hates only Atheism, which will always be a protest rather than a regular creed. The next emperor may be a fanatic Protestant, as several Hohenzollerns have been, or may be, like the late Emperor Frederick, impatient of all clerical influence, and if the royal authority can be used to put down one form of belief or misbelief, it can also be stretched against another. There is no logical standing-point between the ascendancy of some one creed and perfect toleration for all creeds which are not incompatible with Western civilization, and the emperor, in trying to discover such a point, has stepped off a safe and broad rock on to a comparatively fluid soil, which may slip beneath his weight. It is an odd mistake for a man with his keen perceptions to have made, and he may yet retrace his steps, but his habit of hurry has brought him this time into collision with a very powerful force. The

day of complete tolerance may not have come, but the day of persecution is certainly over; and to pass a law that a sceptic shall lose control of his children's education is certainly as near persecution as, without physical pains and penalties, it is well possible to go.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HUNDRED AND THREE DAYS ON A DESERT ISLAND.

THE shipwrecked crew of the barque *Compadre*, eight hundred tons register, Captain Jones, bound from Calcutta to Talcahuano, Chili, recently arrived in New Zealand, after a series of remarkable adventures, having escaped the successive perils of fire and shipwreck, and the hardships of a prolonged sojourn on the bleak and desolate islands to the south of New Zealand, known as the Auckland Islands.

The vessel left Calcutta on the 22d of January, last year, bound for Talcahuano with a cargo of jute bags. All went well until the 16th of March, when a fire was discovered by the captain in the afterhold. The subsequent events are very well told in a clear and graphic narrative which the chief mate, Mr. F. Bates, has given of the affair. The captain, it appears, at once called all hands on deck to cope with the fire. Holes were cut in the cabin deck, and water was poured in incessantly from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., but without much result. Finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, the captain ordered his men to batten all down, and then shaped a course for the Benff, a harbor in the extreme south of the middle island of New Zealand, that being the nearest port. Before finally closing the hatches, several men tried to obtain bread from below, but were rendered insensible by the smoke, and had to be carried on deck. The attempt, therefore, had to be abandoned. The vessel made fair way until the night of the 18th of March, when to the peril of fire that of tempest was added. A furious westerly gale came down upon the ill-fated vessel, accompanied by terrific squalls. At 7 A.M. on the 19th of March land was discovered on the starboard bow, distant about twelve miles. It was very hazy at the time, and, owing to the fearful sea, the vessel labored heavily. One tremendous wave swept the foresail and foretopmast staysail or of the bolt ropes, burst the forecastele ports, smashed the scuttle forehatches, and

swept the decks of everything movable. Worse than this, it burst in the cabin, thus giving air to the fire, which could not be prevented from breaking out, though immense quantities of water were flooded in. The men could not man the pumps, being washed away by the seas which continually broke on board.

It is almost impossible to imagine a situation of greater peril. The carpenter sounded the well and found eight feet of water in the hold. The vessel was rapidly sinking under foot, and it was quite impossible to lower the boats in such a sea. Only one hope remained, and that of the slenderest possible character. The land which had been sighted was the Auckland Islands, and the vessel was now to the windward of the North Cape. The captain therefore ordered the mainyard to be squared, and steered for the land in the hope of saving life. It must, however, have indeed seemed a forlorn hope in such an angry sea, with a rock-bound coast backed by precipitous cliffs towering hundreds of feet above the sea-level. Still, with the indomitable pluck and resolution of British seamen, those on board determined to make the best fight they could for their lives. Just before the vessel struck, oil was poured on the waters over the stern, which greatly reduced the violence of the sea; and then all hands hastened to the bow and hung on the bowsprit, waiting for the critical moment. Their coolness and prudence were rewarded with good fortune. The vessel struck with a great crash, every one making a jump for the rocks; and all got safely to land, although some were much bruised by the violence of the concussion. In ten minutes nothing of the vessel but loose wreckage was to be seen.

Although the men had safely reached land they were in a pitiable plight. The Auckland Islands in the winter are as drear and desolate a place as one can imagine. They are swept by furious tempests and almost incessant rain. They are the homes of such sea-birds as love the storm; but except for the occasional visits of sealers or of a government steamer searching for shipwrecked mariners, the islands see no trace of human life, save only, as in the present case, when shipwrecked seamen are cast upon their inhospitable shores. On several occasions the place has been the scene of disastrous wrecks. The Invercauld, Grafton, General Grant, and Derry Castle are the names of a few of the vessels which occur to the mind. In many cases the loss of life has

been total and complete. In the case of the Invercauld, out of nineteen men who scrambled ashore, three only were rescued after twelve months of fearful suffering.

The surface of the islands for the most part is mountainous, and a great deal of it is covered either with dense bush or a wilderness of high tussock, standing in deep peat, almost equally impassable. The prospect which met the *Compadre* castaways, therefore, was by no means hopeful. They had of course been able to save nothing in the shape of food from the vessel, and were barefooted and scantily clothed, each man having partially stripped, preparing for a swim for life. It so happened, however, that assistance in the shape of food and clothing was within their reach, although they were not aware of it, and only discovered the fact by a sad and curious accident, although it turned out fortunately for the bulk of them. After getting on the rocks, the whole ship's company climbed the cliffs, which, as already stated, were several hundred feet in height. They saw a mountain in the distance, and made straight for it, to get a better view of the island they were cast upon. They reached it with some difficulty, and looking round, saw a flag-staff close to the beach. They at once went towards it; but losing their way in the bush, and night coming on, they made for the nearest beach, where they found a few limpets and one little fish, which they divided into sixteen parts, one for each man. This scanty fare was greedily devoured, as they had only had one meal since the fire broke out, four days before. What stores were saved from the lazarette had been kept for the boats, and were therefore lost when the ship went to pieces. While the men were dividing their miserable meal, it was discovered that one of the seamen, named Peter Nelson, was missing. An attempt was made to find him; but the night was so dark that the attempt had to be given up. A miserable night was spent owing to the rain and snow, which fell incessantly. In the morning, they divided themselves into parties, and proceeded to search for Nelson, but with no success. In the course of their wanderings, however, they came upon a neatly built hut, and on examining it, found that it contained a store of food and clothing. It was a *dépôt*, established by the New Zealand government for the relief and succor of shipwrecked seamen cast upon the islands. By a strange oversight, however, the existence of such a *dépôt* is not mentioned in any of the ship-

ping directories; and but for the fact of poor Nelson wandering away to his death in the bush, his comrades might never have hit upon the depôt, and, like him, might have perished of starvation.

From a record in the hut, the castaways learned that the New Zealand government steamer *Hinemoa* had visited the islands only a week before on her periodical cruise, and they made up their minds that they would have to make a prolonged stay on the islands before there was any chance of being rescued. Consequently, they had to be very careful with the food in the depôt. There is scarcely any fish to be caught at the Aucklands; and the castaways found that the sea-birds and seals, which were comparatively easy to approach at first, became so wild after a week or so of contact with human beings that it was impossible to get near them. The shipwrecked people, however, found some goats and sheep, which had been placed on the island by the New Zealand government. Of the former they caught three, and of the latter eight. The sheep, never having been shorn, were covered with very long, fine wool, which also proved very serviceable to the men.

It is not necessary to enter into details of the life of the castaways on the islands. They suffered a good deal of pain and discomfort from the exposure; but the government stores preserved them from danger of absolute starvation, and they enjoyed fairly good health during their stay. On Monday, the 6th of July, to their great joy, the sealing schooner *Janet Ramsay* called at the islands; and the men, having been there exactly one hundred and three days, were taken on board and brought to New Zealand. At the nautical inquiry which was held, the court, it is needless to say, adjudged that the wreck was entirely due to misadventure, and that the captain and crew had done all that was possible under the circumstances.

From The Athenæum.
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF
WASHINGTON.

Mt. Vernon 8th May 1798.

DEAR SIR, — Having occasion to write another letter to Sir John Sinclair I take the liberty of giving you the trouble of it, and Mrs. Washington begs the favor of you to put her letter, to her old neighbor & friend Mrs. Fairfax into a channel for safe delivery, if you should not see her yourself.

Knowing from experience, that Masters of Vessels, never sail at the time they first appoint, Mrs. Washington and I propose to call upon you on our return from the City, in full confidence of seeing you then. If however, contrary to expectation, the Captⁿ of the Vessel you embark on, should be more punctual than usual, and we should be disappointed in this, we beg you to receive our ardent wishes for a safe and pleasant passage to England — the perfect restoration of your health — and happy meeting with your family & friends when you return — To these wishes let me add assurances of the affectionate regard of Dear Sir,

Your Obed. Servant,

Ge WASHINGTON.

Our Compliments to Mrs. Fairfax

& the family

The Rev^d Mr. Fairfax Mount Eagle.

Mount Vernon 30th Dec. 1798.

MY DEAR SIR, — If General Pinckney should have left Richmond, let me request the favor of you to forward the packet herewith sent, in the manner he may have directed; or, as your own judgment shall dictate, to assure its delivery to him in Hallifax, or on the Road thro North Carolina. — The Alien and Sedition Laws having employed Many Pens — and we hear a number of tongues, in the Assembly of this State, — the latter, I understand, to a very pernicious purpose, — I send you the production of Judge Addison on these subjects, — Whether any new lights are cast upon them by his charge, you will be better able to decide when you have read it. — My opinion is, that if this, or other writings flashed conviction as clear as the Sun in its Meridian brightness, it would produce no effect on the conduct of the leaders of opposition, who have points to carry, from which nothing will divert them in the prosecution.

When you have read the charge give it to Bushrod Washington, or place it to any other uses you may think proper — I wish success to your election, most sincerely — and if it should fail (of which I hope there is not the least danger) I shall not easily forgive myself for being urgent with — to take a Pen —

I offer you the compliments of the Season and with much truth remain

Dear Sir,

Your Most Obed and

Affect^e Hble Servant

G. WASHINGTON.

General Marshall.

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Extracts from Notices.

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